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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## THE STUD FARM . . OF THE WORLD

IN this phrase Mr. Henry Rew summed up the agricultural position held by England in the new century. And, practically speaking, it was a development of the nineteenth century. For the antiquity of certain breeds of pedigree stock possesses little more than an academic interest. No doubt it is true that Englishmen have always been lovers of horses, from that distant date when Cæsar admired those the ancient Britons drove in their war chariots. To the knights of chivalry, and indeed to all mounted warriors of mediæval times, a stout horse must have been a prime requisite, and there is good evidence that breeding was most carefully conducted during the Middle Ages. The equine extravagance of Edward III. drew forth a protest from Archbishop Islip, and to take but one example from Devon's "Issues of the Exchequer," he purchased three chargers in 1330 at prices we would deem considerable now. A bright bay named Bayard he bought for what would be equivalent to a thousand pounds in our money, and he gave half as much again for Le Bryt, and twice as much for a black named Pomers. We do not know their breed any more than we know that of White Surrey, ridden by Richard at Bosworth, or the horse slain by Warwick the Kingmaker at Barnet. But it may safely be assumed that they had both blood and quality. Our early forefathers understood the value of keeping the strains of blood clear, and the most notable difference is that now great care is taken to keep records of pedigrees. The result of our doing so has been both to popularise breeding and to increase the value of the stock. Leaving out the thorough-bred, as being scarcely a farmer's animal, the latter half of the nineteenth century saw the establishment of many societies devoted to particular breeds. Despite their growing popularity, they retain more or less vague geographical limits. You have the Suffolk in its native county, Cleveland and coach-horses still confined for the most

part to Yorkshire, Clydesdales in Scotland, and a few breeds whose excellence is so universally admitted that no special locality is associated with them. In blood horses this is so with the Hackney, the thorough-bred, and the hunter, and in agricultural horses with the Shire.

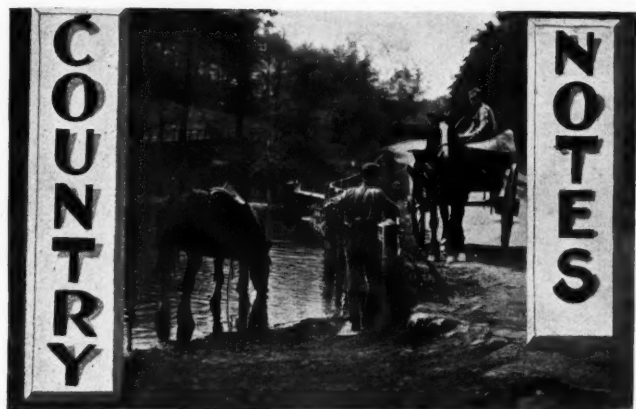
The development of pedigree cattle runs parallel with that of horses. Much is doubtlessly owed to the monks of the Middle Ages, who took as much care of their fat beeves as of their gardens and fish stews. Mr. Rew pointed out that the great object of the early breeders was to produce bone and muscle, so as to have good plough oxen. In England there was no prejudice against eating them afterwards, such as existed among the ancient Romans. Modern pedigree cattle may be said to date from the time of Bakewell. Two of his pupils, who began farming in 1783, developed the shorthorn, our national breed of cattle. It would be difficult to enumerate all the societies we have now. The history of each is very much that of the others. Under older conditions the position of the farmer was more stable than now, and son succeeded father as tenant almost as regularly as in the hall. Many had a pride in the breed of cow associated with their holding, and, long before there were any shows or herd-books or societies, were at great pains to keep the blood pure. And when late in the nineteenth century it became evident that a pure type had a special value, these were the nuclei out of which pedigree herds grew. Many illustrations are almost too obvious to mention. The Kerry peasant cherished his Kerry cow not because of its descent, but for the reasons that it was small, hardy, and easily fed, and gave a large quantity of milk for its size. So the frugal inhabitants of the Channel Islands made the Jersey what it is by tethering and spare feeding, and encouraged greater bone in the Guernsey by using it for the plough. The canny Lowland Scot stuck to his Ayrshire because the "weel-kained kebbuck" eaten with oatmeal cake was a prime article of diet. And the Wild West Highland cattle were cared for for reasons equally homely and simple. Different localities developed the most suitable breeds for them, as the red-polls in Norfolk and the black Welsh cattle in Wales. All unconsciously these farmers were performing a great service to posterity, since each breed had its own peculiar merit, and out of the rich variety in England now cattle may be picked suitable for any possible climate or purpose.

It is quite unnecessary for us here to follow out the very similar story of sheep, although a word ought to be said for the excellent help given to the movement by men of influence. True, the English aristocracy were always agricultural in their tastes. Only a few nights ago an aged statesman was laughingly describing what used to be the small talk of Ministers after a Cabinet Council. "Have you got your hay in? Mine is a splendid crop." "How are roots with you this year?" he declared to be the sort of question that passed when the fate of nations was trembling in the balance. Of course it was only a humorous exaggeration, but it hit off cleverly a characteristic of our legislators. One hopes that they will long retain it. The interest they, from the King downwards, have exhibited in pedigree stock has helped greatly to revive the one profitable branch of agriculture. We like to know that the King took several prizes for his Southdowns last year, that the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour carried off seven firsts for his Border Leicesters, that Lord Carnarvon did well with his Hampshire Downs, and Lord Henry Bentinck with his Wensleydales. If it tends to make sheep-breeding a fashion, all that can be said is that no more wholesome or more useful fashion could be imagined. Mr. Rew went into figures to show that as far as we have an export trade in live animals, it consists almost wholly of pedigree stock. Farmers send from the ends of the earth for the choice of our flocks and herds. This is what he means by calling England the world's stud farm. Further, he expressed his own reasonable belief that those who had been able to engage in the breeding of pedigree livestock had best weathered the storm and survived the stress of agricultural depression. A study of the prices realised in recent years goes far to justify this statement. Extreme cases are not quoted as exemplifying what the seller has any right to expect, but the potentialities of the business are very clearly revealed when we call to mind that a tenant farmer sold a Shire horse for 2,000 guineas in 1901, half of that was obtained on more than one occasion for a shorthorn bull, and even sheep have run into three figures.

## Our Portrait Illustrations

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Lady Mary Adelaide Willoughby, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ancaster, whose country seats are many, although Lord Ancaster parted with one, not long since, to his relative, Lord Carrington. Elsewhere will be found a portrait of the two children of Mrs. Bertram Meeking, whose husband, the late Captain Bertram Meeking, of the 10th Royal Hussars, was one of the many victims of the South African War. He died of enteric at Bloemfontein in April, 1900, after serving with great distinction under General French.





THE oracle has spoken, in terms more clear and precise than those of oracles of ancient times, and Lord Rosebery's views are before the country and before the world. They are exactly what every sane man expected. The successful and large-minded Foreign Secretary of other days will not listen to the foolish cry for swapping horses when the ford is all but crossed; he will not hear any talk concerning the revival of the independence of the extinct Republics, so-called; he is all for vigorous prosecution of the war and for a generous amnesty at the end of it; and he offers his services to his country, if his country is disposed to call for them, and to all of his party who are inclined to follow. He could have done no more, and equally he could have done no less.

On one point only has Lord Rosebery given to his enemies, who are of his own house no less than of Lord Salisbury's, occasion to blaspheme. He has held out the suggestion that without making any overtures for peace, and without issuing any fresh proclamations which would simply be regarded as a sign of weakness, we might engineer some informal meeting between Mr. Kruger and somebody which might end in overtures from the other side. Possibly that might be effected, and, if it were done without preliminary talk, the long-hoped-for peace might come a little more quickly than it will, for come it will, of that there is no doubt. But the preliminary talk, the bizarre allusion to a chance meeting in a village inn, and all the rest of it, are a blunder and an error in tactics. They cannot fail to give some faint encouragement to our enemies, to make them cherish the idea that, for all his brave words, Lord Rosebery himself has betrayed a trace of irresolution. It is true that many a quarrel has been adjusted in the manner vaguely suggested by Lord Rosebery; but it must not be forgotten that success has rewarded the peace-maker only when he has avoided the temptation to betray his policy beforehand.

Mr. Balfour's apparent optimism on the subject of British industries and foreign competition should be reassuring, for Mr. Balfour has both the opportunity to acquire the best information, and ability to make the best judgment thereon. But when he lightly postulates, as a condition of British prosperity, that labour should be so organised that the best workmen receive the best remuneration, he begs a very large question. British labour is organised by means of Trades Unions; and the great object of these organisations is to secure that there shall be no such thing as a "best workman." All must be equal; and since a bad workman cannot turn out as much work as a good workman, the latter must go slow. We would like Mr. Balfour to take this undoubted fact as his postulate next time, and build upon it, if he can, a proposition demonstrating this country's ability to hold her own against foreign competition.

During the course of the war nothing has occurred that has given completer satisfaction than the series of brilliant successes achieved by General Bruce Hamilton. He has learned to beat the Boers at their own game. Twice in a week his soldiers marched fifty miles, and each time succeeded in making the capture they had resolved on. The Government was not long interpreting the feeling of the country in telegraphing to him official congratulations. "Well done!" was the verdict heard on every side when the two exploits referred to were followed up by the surprise of Piet Viljoen's commando at Witkraans, and the capture of 100 Boers and the retaking of one of Colonel Benson's guns, the other having been destroyed. After that Colonel Colenbrander and Colonel Dawkins captured Commandant Badenhorst and a number of his men. "The effect of this will be good," writes Lord Kitchener, who does not waste his adjectives. Within a brief space came news of further triumphs, and it would really seem that at last we have got to the beginning of the end.

There is a hearty ring about the despatch in which Mr. Seddon expresses the willingness of New Zealand to send her eighth contingent of 1,000 men to help in the task of hunting down the Boers that remain in the field. More than that, there is a robust reproof of the misguided zealots, to call them by no worse name, who play into the hands of the Boers by their sickly speeches and their hysterical articles. Mr. Seddon thinks that "additional troops would not have been required had statesmen and parties in the United Kingdom been guided by love of country and patriotism, and reserved their adverse criticisms for a favourable opportunity." So say all of us, to use an expression which the jovial Premier of New Zealand has heard and joined in shouting many and many a time.

When Mr. Seddon comes here, as come he surely will if he is alive in June next, he will perhaps learn that there are two types of Pro-Boers, one wicked and the other merely foolish. To the wicked class belong the men, Celtic members of Parliament some of them, who backed the Boers from the beginning simply because they were fighting against the hated English. This is a hard saying, but it is true, and its truth is well known in Ireland and in parts of Wales. To the foolish class belong those well-meaning persons who, by way of being fair minded, begin by giving undue weight to the arguments in favour of the enemy's cause, and end by becoming passionate partisans of the foe. They are really the more dangerous of the two types. Even a Boer can discount the Pro-Boer ravings of one of England's enemies, but to expect him to discriminate amongst those who profess patriotism is to expect too much. Of a truth we are, as a nation, far too tolerant of these persons, and "a short way with them" is much to be desired. There is more blood on their hands than on those of any general.

Mr. Walter Long is to be congratulated on the end of his long endeavour to clear out rabies from the United Kingdom. He is now able to announce that the country is entirely free from it. This must be as satisfactory to him as to the average dog-lover. While the various muzzling orders were in force the Minister for Agriculture kept up the British tradition of doggedness by "sitting tight." Strong and inflexible, he persisted in the course he had mapped out, even at the risk of alienating his political friends. His declaration that rabies is stamped out, in addition to being an announcement of victory, has a scientific interest. Expert opinion is in favour of the idea that rabies is a purely infectious disease, but the point could not be absolutely settled so long as it prevailed in a single area of Great Britain. Now, however, it will be more interesting to watch whether or no it can start spontaneously, and the stringent quarantine regulations now applied to dogs imported from abroad must, if rigorously carried out, help towards a solution of the problem.

It might have been thought that the most ardent enthusiast for motor-cars would have recognised that these vehicles are not highly adapted for hunting purposes. No surprise need be felt, therefore, that the Hon. R. G. Verney, Master of the Warwickshire, and Lord North, representing the committee, have issued a note asking their followers not to send their horses to the covert-side and come themselves in motor-cars. Hunting, after all, is most interesting from affording an opportunity for riding, and a meet of horses and hounds is precisely one of those places wherein a motor-car is likely to do damage. Besides its unsportsmanlike aspect, there is another point of view from which objection can be taken. Fox-hunting is carried on by grace of the tenant farmers, and they naturally regard the consumption of oats, hay, and other fodder as an offset to the damage done to their crops. It is not, therefore, very kind of the motorists to set this at defiance and come in machines that eat no fodder. They have abundant opportunities of using their motor-cars without giving the least cause of offence.

In the late Sir James Laing, who died on Sunday at the ripe old age of three score and eighteen, Samuel Smiles would have found a subject made to his hand. He began as an ordinary workman in the Sunderland ship-building yard established by his father, though the management of the business was very quickly entrusted to him. His later years were passed in the village of Etal, a pretty Northumbrian hamlet concerning which we published an illustrated article only last summer. Not much reference was made to the manor house at the time. It is not architecturally striking, but memorable on account of its connection with King William IV. and Mrs. Jordan, to say nothing of its later association with the beautiful and saintly Lady Fitzclarence. Sir James was emphatically a man of strong character and plain speech, but he was also both just and kind in his own way, and played the part of country squire to perfection. At one time he had political ambitions, but they did not fructify.

It is stated that Signor Marconi has so far established communication by "wireless" between St. John's, Newfoundland, and the Lizard that certain prearranged signals from the last-named place were recorded by the receiver in Newfoundland. If so, the distance is far greater than any which has been overcome before, but that is no argument against accepting the statement, since all are agreed that "wireless" is in its infancy. The best case known to us, and certainly the most amusing, is one in which H.M.S. *Andromeda* established communication at 128 miles, and Sir John Fisher, commanding in the Mediterranean, signalled that he was greatly disappointed! Before the system can be of really great value, especially for ships of war, great strides must be made. At present every receiver within a given area takes in every message, and it might often be that cypher would not be a sufficient protection. Again, the apparatus occasionally records signals not made by human agency at all, in fact simply collects the effect of errant electricity produced by natural causes. Perfection, or something like it, will be reached only when British coherers and receivers are in absolute and delicate harmony, so that they will only give and receive one another's messages. This may sound strange, but it is really quite conceivable.

There is a curious discrepancy between the Board of Trade returns for November and the report on the state of the labour market prepared for the official *Labour Gazette*. The former was extremely pessimistic, and showed in nearly every branch of commerce a serious falling off, but the latter, if not optimistic, makes a great attempt to put the best face on matters. "There has been," it admits, "some decline in the engineering, ship-building, and building trades, and, on the whole, it is worse than a year ago, but considerably better than the average state of employment in November during the last ten years." One set of figures pointed to a serious commercial depression, the other only to a slight check of activity. Looking into the particulars, we find employment in coal-mining and iron-mining good, pig iron no change, tinplate improving, steel declining, furnishing trade falling off, and so on. The changes in wages reported during the month affected a quarter of a million people, and resulted in an average fall of only 7½d. per week—the greater bulk of those affected being coal-miners in Durham and South Wales. The probable explanation is that it is the capitalist who first feels the advance of depression, but that he does not readily yield to it, and men are kept on at the same rate of wages in hope of a revival. If that be so, the December returns should tell a different tale.

Never, perhaps, was the unwisdom of prophesying before the event more forcibly exemplified than by the first Test Match. On Monday morning a great provincial paper, which shall be nameless, could find nothing less faint-hearted to say than, "If the Englishmen do not go to pieces in the second innings, as they did against New South Wales in the last match at Sydney, they will not easily be beaten." Before these words reached London, the evening papers were blaring forth abroad a great English victory—on the peaceful cricket-field. It was indeed the fact that Mr. Maclaren's eleven, which does not pretend to be a representative team, had made absolute hay of a strong Australian combination. For the credit it belongs mainly to Mr. Maclaren himself and to Hayward for starting the big score which Lilley and Braund contributed so largely to swell. Lilley, too, proved himself a perfect demon behind the wickets in the second Australian innings. As for Barnes, Braund, and Blythe, they worked wonders with the ball, and that on a good wicket, and the English team never had a chance of going to pieces in the second innings. So far so good, but in our present joy let us not forget the uncertainties of the future.

It was inevitable that the problem of defining the dividing line between the "gentleman," in the sense of amateur, and the "player," in the sense of professional, a problem which Lord Harris regards as almost insoluble, should be raised in the case of Mr. Maclaren. A great cricketer, capable enough to captain an English team in Australia, has become "Assistant Treasurer" of the Hampshire Cricket Club, and will accordingly desert Lancashire and appear for the Southern club; whereupon some say that he should at once be classed as a "player." Such is not our view, even though the office, in which Mr. Maclaren will presumably have some work to do, should turn out to have been created as an inducement to him. The fact will remain that a paid officer who plays for his club is a very different thing from a cricketer who is paid to play, and the distinction is really quite clear, far more clear in fact than it is in cases where gentlemen accept as "expenses" sums which, it is perfectly well known, are more than enough to cover legitimate expenditure. If the powers that be should decide otherwise it can only be said that the "Players" will be the gainers, and that Mr. Maclaren will remain a gentleman but cease to be a "gentleman."

Once upon a time, it may be eight or perhaps a round half-score years ago, a certain actor, who had been improvident enough to get married before he had arrived, sought and found furnished apartments in a district of London that could scarcely be called suburban. Like most of his kind, he was of a chatty disposition, and rejoiced to find that he had a landlord of an equally cheerful temperament. But guess his astonishment on discovering with the lapse of time that he had made friends with the public hangman. The incident is called to mind by the death of the artistic Billington, who ought to have had for a motto, if he did not, Scott's "*Finis fumis*," which he translated, if we remember rightly, "*The end a rope's end*." Well, he too deserves the meed of a melodious tear. In private life, Billington is said to have been a decent good citizen, and though those most qualified to speak cannot in the nature of the case be living witnesses, there is reason to believe that he discharged his public functions well. And now, an Amurath an Amurath succeeds, which signifies that his son will reign—we mean hang—in his stead.

Had the popularity of the brigand needed any proof, it would have been amply supplied by the case of Musolino, who seems to be regarded by his countrymen with something very like "hero worship." One wonders less at the capturers of the hapless Miss Stone having so many friends, for in that case the king is still in power, which makes a difference in the matter of friends; but Musolino is in the hands of his enemies, and might easily become a victim to what he would possibly term "ingratitude" with impunity to the ingrate. It is not surprising, perhaps, that his sister, who has been a second Colomba to her brother, should refuse to give evidence, though tempted with instant release from a term of three years' imprisonment; but that the relatives of his victims should remain mute on the subject must be a matter for astonishment to all but the cynic. Not only are all the people of the district in sympathy with him, but letters, with offers of money and assistance, come from all parts to this modern representative of Robin Hood and Roderick Dhu.

A good many persons will have read with somewhat mixed feelings that the Lord Mayor entertained at the Mansion House on Saturday delegates of the Russian Agricultural Society, making a special tour in this country to study the requirements of the British market in the way of farm and dairy products. It is right that they should be entertained, of course; but are they welcome as competitors? On the whole, the answer must be in the affirmative. Protection, save perhaps in the form of tariff for revenue purposes, is not agreeable in the present state of public opinion, and the salvation of the British farmer—if salvation there is to be—must be found in beating the foreigner in open competition, and that, it must be admitted, is in many cases not so difficult as might be imagined. If—a very large if—the British farmer would but attend to some minor matters, to the systematic collection of eggs, and the production of butter of uniform quality, for example, he would have much less to fear from the foreigner.

The storm that came on at the end of last week has been described as the worst of the last fifty years, but we doubt if that opinion would be endorsed on the East Coast. It was on a wild December night some twenty-three years ago that the Tay Bridge and a crossing train were hurled into the wilder water; but not even that constitutes the record. Ask the mahogany-faced salts or the weather-beaten old fishermen what was the worst storm in their experience, and the almost invariable answer is the October gale of twenty years ago. It probably made more widows and orphans than any other storm recorded in Great Britain, one reason being that it came on so suddenly. Not the most weatherwise of seafaring men anticipated it. During the present autumn and winter several gales may have equalled it in intensity, for the opinion is that no other remembered season has been quite so stormy, but the storms have been led up to by broken weather. Yet in sad truth lives enough have been lost, and many a fine example of heroic seamanship and courage passed into tradition without the newspapers knowing anything of them.

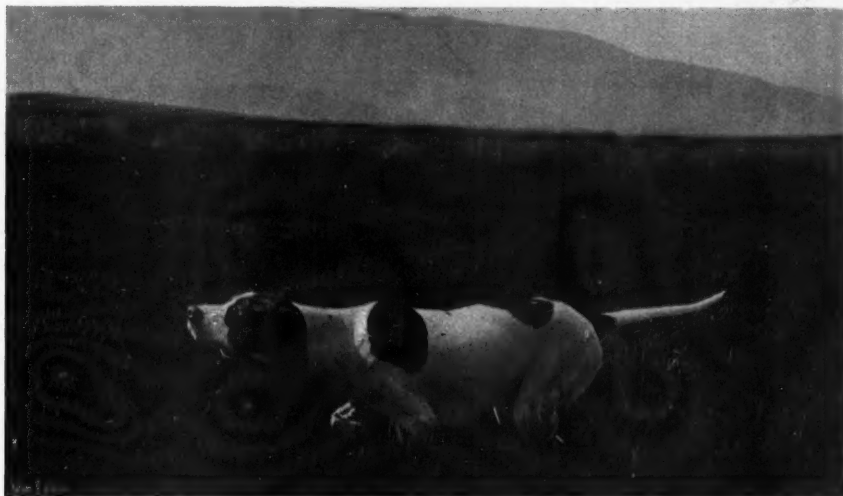
We are all familiar enough with the submerged parish in Lincolnshire on which tithes are still paid, and the legend that on certain nights the old church may still be seen underneath the waves and the ghostly bells heard tolling. Not so much attention is paid to the land yielded back by the sea. Dungeness Point, however, is an example of land continually growing seaward. It has caused a new lighthouse to be needed there, and the contract to do so for £6,000 has actually been signed by a Deal firm. It will be the third lighthouse erected upon Dungeness Point. The first, built about sixty years ago, is now close on a mile inland, and the second is quite half a mile from the seashore.



## MR. HERBERT MITCHELL'S KENNEL.

It is with regret I learn that the owner of these celebrated dogs, who is now shooting in Ireland, has lost most of his this season's puppies, so that he will be short in quantity, let us hope not in quality, at the forthcoming field trials. What he did at those lately held it is my office to relate. A judge upon the Bench in some unsavoury libel about supposed dyed pets, remarked a fortnight ago that owners of dogs, like their property, delight to bark and bite. But the judge was possibly ignorant of the difference between owners of show dogs and those kept for sport and taking part in sporting institutions like the late field trials. There everything is always conducted in the spirit of appreciation; everybody likes to win, of course, but few there are who cannot see when they are beaten, and every really good kennel is made up by rectifications of mistakes; that is to say, when an owner sees himself beaten as all beginners must, purchase rectifies old defects and ensures that they shall exist no longer in generations to come. That is the way Mr. Mitchell set to work some years ago to lay the foundations of his late successes.

It is to the credit of the owner of these dogs that although much occupied in business in the manufacturing town of Bradford, and unable to get away always, he never misses a chance of entering his dogs to try conclusions with the best there are. He is one of the younger supporters of field trials, and there are by no means too many of them, who have ventured to challenge those old stagers who have been breeding field-trial dogs for as many years as Mr. Mitchell has seen, and he has done it with unquestioned success. His principal stud pointer, Woolton Druid, is now gone where most of the best animals, other than human, do go to, viz., the United States. But before he went he left behind him stock at least as successful as himself. His blood was a combination of Mr. George Pilkington's and the late Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's, and by this means, and by the blood of the wonderfully successful Senior Don Pedro, first-rate both at field trials and stud, Mr. Mitchell has introduced into his kennel the Pitchford strains. Then also he procured that of the late Mr. Barclay Field, who, for many years, always had dogs difficult to beat at field



LIVER AND WHITE POINTER, LILL.

trials, and such as did a regular hard season's work upon the moors.

It is a little curious to find a native of Yorkshire keeping up a fine kennel of pointers and setters, for if there is any centre of grouse driving, it is unquestionably Yorkshire, although a few sportsmen still use pointers and setters for the first few days of the season in the county of broad acres. Mr. Mitchell's love of dog work takes him to County Mayo every season, and he is as much hindered by the quarantine arrangements as are those who covet the blue ribbon of the leash, and desire to show that they can emulate the deeds of Master M'Grath when the Minister of Agriculture will permit. The regulation being such as it is, the owner of this kennel had to lend some of his dogs in



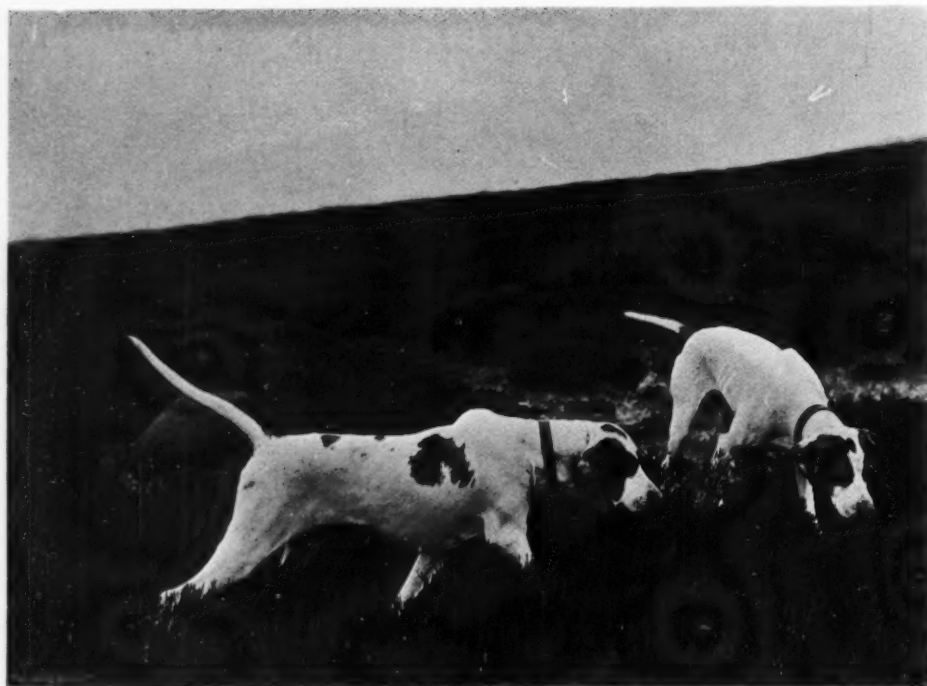
HORTON ROY.

Scotland this year, or permit them to forego the experience of grouse shooting in their first season. One of these was Rapid Ranger of Bromfield, a setter with a good deal of blood outside the regular field-trial strains, and therefore all the more valuable at the stud. This puppy ran this year at the English Setter Club's field trials at Newport, where he took all there was for a puppy to take, beating the celebrated Sally Brass in the final for the best pointer or setter. His work was both stylish and steady, and there was no mistake about his breaking, and he means to be seen when he is on point, as will be observed from the photograph. From being champion puppy at Newport he proceeded to Shrewsbury, where, at Acton Reynald, he was beaten by Captain Heywood Lonsdale's Rigo, a puppy of exceptional game-finding tact, but, unfortunately, since dead.

At these last-named trials there was a kennel companion to Ranger, which also scored. This was the lemon and white setter, May Fly, by May Prince out of Glory. In taking second in the Acton Reynald Stakes he took a position above a good many celebrated pointers as well as setters; one of them, Mr. Elias Bishop's pointer, Hooklands Jane, ran with him a very meritorious trial on each side, in which the setter just got ahead, and kept there, although it was a point for a point, and a back for a back, and no wild work almost to the



WOOLTON SHOT, BY WOOLTON DRUID.



A SON AND DAUGHTER OF SENOR DON PEDRO.

end. The owner gives the opinion that among the best strains of setters he knows are those bred from his show setter Lohmann, who is by Sir John Scott from Queen of Rosebery, a dog he describes as having possessed great dash, courage, nose, and stamina, but as he never went to field trials, and the writer never saw him at work in private, he is unable to add anything to that opinion.

Perhaps the kennel's reputation is more based on its pointers than upon its setters, and, as before related, Woolton Druid ranks as father and founder of them. He is by Woolton Dick from Lawn, by Lake (13,372) from Dingle, by Druid. Lake is by Lancet (11,295) from Fancy (6,067). Woolton Dick, the sire, is by Ightfield Dick from Phillis, by Young Bang (4,994) from Juno. Ightfield Dick was by Dick III. (11,287) from Bell of Bow. Very few dogs have run and won for as many years, for Woolton Druid began in 1893 and only ended in 1899. He exhibited constant merit, and kept it up much longer than the average period, as the following extraordinary list will show:

- 1st, St. Leger Stakes, Irish Grouse Trials, 1893.
- 1st and Special, English Setter Club, 1893.
- 1st and Mr. F. C. Lowe's Cup, Pointer Club, 1894.
- 2nd, Acton Reynald Stakes, Shrewsbury, 1894.
- 1st and Special, English Setter Club Trials, Bedford, 1895.
- 1st, Champion Stake, Acton Reynald, Shrewsbury, 1897.
- 2 Brace Stakes with Barter at same time.
- 1st, Brace Stake with Drayton Belle Kennel Club Trials, 1898.
- 1st, English Setter Club, Bedford, 1898.
- 1st and Lord Ardilaun's Cup, Brace Stake, with Bentick, Irish Grouse Trials, 1898.
- 1st in Brace Stake with the same dog, National Pointer and Setter Field Trials, Shrewsbury, 1899.

It is hardly surprising that his stock won at field trials, as did Whist, a champion puppy, at Shrewsbury in 1895; Compton Weasle, winner in the brace stake, and also Mr. Arkwright's Challenge Trophy; and Drayton Belle, whose victory as one of a brace with her sire has already been recorded, and whose offspring, Sally Brass, this year spoke for the third generation. Besides these, Woolton Druid sired Drayton Pilot, winner of the Field Trial Derby in 1899. All these are not only winners by reason of absence of greater merit alone, but are highly meritorious winners in the field. Mr. Mitchell

adopts precisely the right tactics in taking his dogs to the wild hills of Connemara, where a grouse is a grouse, and in the singular number is a thing of some consequence—has to be hunted for before it is found, and in the doing sometimes takes as much out of a dog as it would to fill a bag in Perthshire or Inverness.

The owner of these dogs evidently knows that if dogs will hunt with vim in such conditions as these Irish hills offer, the smell of game where it abounds will bring out greater virtues still. The writer always discovered that, whereas an unbroken dog might do well where game was scarce, he never would where it was plentiful in various species, whereas a highly-broken dog is, almost paradoxically, both faster and steadier where game is abundant.

That Mr. Mitchell's dogs will now be highly broken goes without saying, for in placing them in the hands of Lauder he has chosen possibly the greatest artist of the younger generation, and a man who has always been able to hold his own, even when his material has not been quite the best. Very quiet in manner, he never hurries his dogs, and never appears to have occasion to check them either. It may be said of him, like it is of a good painter, that his art consists of hiding his art. His manner with his dogs is precisely that of Edward Armstrong, who thirty years ago stood out from the rest of breakers, particularly in his management of braces. But then Armstrong always had great material to work upon, whereas Lauder only sometimes has been so lucky.

There is a future intention of treating of Mr. Mitchell's photographic work as such, therefore that part of a subject dear to him must now be passed by, except so far as it concerns the illustrations of his kennel for this article. The workmanlike liver and white pointer Lill, who ran at the Bala Grouse Trials, is here represented on a point which at once proclaims the proximity of game and serves to show the anatomy of the bitch. Looking at it, is there any wonder that sportsmen mostly hate dog shows, where, fat being a first consideration, the anatomy here to be seen is disguised, as it were, within a bag of lard? Another illustration is a very effective picture of a double point, Sandford Graphic and a daughter of Lawn III. The near animal is evidently one of the right sort, having reach, length of neck, and coupling. Again, Horton Roy, the ticked dog, by Champion Heather James from Horton Violet, is here shown pointing partridges in thick grass. He is in every



SANDFORD GRAPHIC AND A DAUGHTER OF LAWN III.



respect characteristic of the pointer on game. Elsewhere is one of Woolton Druid's offspring. He is unconsciously giving lessons to the painter, and I very much fear that if any aspiring artist were to submit to the Royal Academy an elbow where this dog's is represented in this true photograph he would be told that he did not know the first rudiments of his business. At any rate, the writer has never seen the capacity of correct anatomy indicated so truly on the Academy's walls. Another half-plate is Lohmann, behind one of his daughters, making either a double point or a back. It will be seen that he is quite a show dog, as, indeed, his record proves. Personally, the writer thinks he has not enough length and reach for his thickness, but this picture was taken before the Twelfth, and before the show condition was reduced to a state of health and strength. Again is Rapid Ranger of Bromfield pointing grouse, and here is indicated much more the true setter formation described by our forefathers, who knew not dog shows, as "lathy," a word that has almost died out of use. Then we show the same field-trial winner backing the pointer. There is nothing here to show that this, too, is not a double point, except the contrast of the style with the same setter on point. A good picture shows



RAPID RANGER POINTING GROUSE.

portrait of Mrs. Hwla Williams's "Niki" and one of a little dog called "Pup," owned by Mrs. Williamson. Mrs. Massey is to be congratulated on having avoided a great pitfall to miniaturists, that of producing painted photographs. Mrs. Massey's miniatures are "little works of art."



LOHMANN AND ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS.

a son and daughter of Señor Don Pedro, the celebrated field trialer bred by Colonel Cotes and owned by Mr. Elias Bishop, one of the most successful sires amongst recent pointers. Take the photographs for all in all, they are a group comprehensively illustrative of a really workman-like kennel of dogs such as we seldom see.

G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL.

## AN EXHIBITION OF DOG PICTURES.

LOVERS of dogs cannot do better than pay a visit to the Ryder Gallery, 10, Ryder Street, where an exhibition is being held of paintings of dogs, famous and otherwise. There are both oils and water-colours, and a most interesting collection of exceedingly clever miniatures by Mrs. Gertrude Massey. With regard to the miniatures it is difficult to pick out any one for special comment, as they are all up to such a high standard of merit; but perhaps one may mention "Peter," a toy bulldog, the property of the King, which shows that the artist has thoroughly understood the anatomy of the animal; "Dinah," also a toy bulldog, the property of Mrs. Arthur Harter; "Dolly," a Scotch terrier, the property of the same lady; "Mascotte," a beautiful brown poodle, owned by Madame Vagliano; "Punch," belonging to Mrs. Leopold Rothschild; and "Simon," the property of Lady Brassey. Others that are also excellent are a

less a celebrity in the doggy world than "Don Pedro," the property of Mr. George R. Sims.

Another lady artist of note who is only represented by one work—No. 14—is Miss Hollams. The picture in question is one of a very fine staghound; it is



RAPID RANGER BACKING THE POINTER.

very well drawn, but it is a pity that the artist has painted quite such a heavy and richly-coloured background of positive colour, for it has in this case rather inclined to make parts of the painting of the animal itself look a little thin and weak. One can, for instance, almost see through the dog in parts. The head, however, is very good indeed, as also is the drawing of the animal.

Among other artists whose work calls for notice is Mr. Fitz-Marshall, who has three works, the best of which, I think, is his No. 3, in which a little pup is depicted taking advantage of forty winks on the part of its mother to extract what nourishment may remain from a very much gnawed bone. It is good thorough work and well composed. Mr. Arthur Wardle, one of the best-known dog painters, is represented by two works; Miss Maud Earl's most important work is a portrait of Mrs. Jocelyn Otway and her two dogs—"Bobs," an English sheepdog, and "Chummy," a charming little Pomeranian; and Mr. John Emms exhibits two very good studies of foxhounds.

Altogether Mr. H. K. Prosser, who is the *entrepreneur* of this exhibition, is to be congratulated on having introduced this series of works, which is at once out of the usual groove, and specially likely to be welcome to the dog-loving public.

RUBEC.

## O'ER FIELD & FURROW.

**I**N spite of the weather, our fields have quite a Christmas look. The arrivals at Melton during the last week or ten days have been numerous. Prince Demidoff has joined the Princess at the Limes, Lady Warwick has been staying at Sysonby, Count Trautsmannsdorff is coming to the Harborough Hotel at Melton, the Duke of Westminster paid a flying visit to Melton, and came in for two good runs with the Cottesmore last Tuesday week. From Shropshire I hear that Mr. C. E. Hamilton Russell, the younger brother of the Master of the South Durham, is to be Master and huntsman of the Wheatland in place of Mr. Dun-Waters, who means to confine himself to his South Shropshire country. Several hunting men have joined the committee of the new Roehampton Club, including Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Mr. Bernard Wilson, Captain St. G. Daly, the Deputy Master of the Heythrop, the Duke of Roxburghe, Captain Renton, and Mr. Walter Jones. The last-named, I am sorry to hear, has met with a rather severe fall while out hunting. Hunting and polo are so closely connected, that I make no doubt the starting of the new club chiefly for polo will be of interest to many of my readers. Before I leave this topic I may say that the American polo team which is to endeavour to win back the cup Mr. John Watson's team carried off from Newport, is not finally arranged. There is little doubt, of course, that Mr. Foxhall Keene and the two brothers Waterbury will be of the four.

If we look back over the past week, there were three good days and two bad ones—not an unsatisfactory proportion if we consider the state of the weather. Still more so if we think of the state of the ground; slippery and greasy it has been to a degree, and perhaps on Saturday the going was at its worst. The other bad day was the Pytchley Wednesday at Cold Ashby. But to watch a really first rate pack of hounds working under difficulties is to me a compensation for much that may be otherwise unsatisfactory in the day's sport. Mr. Wroughton has of late years thrown himself into hound breeding with great keenness and excellent judgment. The lady pack clustered round the heels of John Isaacs in the village street represented all the best strains of foxhound blood. The Pytchley as I first recollect them were but a moderate pack. But Mr. Wroughton bought Mr. Austin Mackenzie's, on which for nineteen years the best hound breeder (except Frank Gillard and Lord Wiloughby) of our day had been grafting the choicest strains of Belvoir on the old Blankney blood. Then last year Mr. Wroughton purchased a part of Captain Johnstone's pack. These hounds are full of Belvoir strains and remarkable for constitution and stamina. Thus the hounds we looked over at Cold Ashby, and which afterwards hunted a brace of foxes under difficulties about Winwick Warren and Elkington, are a first-rate pack. I therefore really enjoyed my day, though of course not as much as the previous day with the Cottesmore. A bad day it looked, and I had some difficulty in keeping my pony on his feet on the road to the fixture, which was at Lord Manners's well-known hunting box of Cold Overton Hall. The hunting people were not daunted even by the snow lying thickly on some of the hills of High Leicestershire, nor by the threatening clouds that hung over us and broke in blinding squalls more than once. Indeed, so great is the present popularity of the Cotte-more Hunt that they are almost embarrassed by the crowds drawn by their success. If I were asked to define the reason of the good sport shown by this pack, I should reply keenness and thoroughness. Hounds, it is true, must hunt and catch the fox themselves, but they do so in the spirit of the Master and the huntsman. Mr. Evan Hanbury, though a tall and not very light man, is one of the holdest of his field. He has some good horses, and, like Lord Alvanley, he sees no good in having better horses than other people unless they do more. No place is so big that, if jumpable at all, it will keep him from his hounds. Mr. Hanbury had his woodlands well hunted in the autumn. Dry as the season was, the Cottesmore Master spared neither horse nor hound in the endeavour to teach the woodland foxes to run. Thatcher is a resolute huntsman, and he managed to kill plenty of foxes. Blood in the cub-hunting season is the secret of sport afterwards. The hound is a bloodthirsty animal, and he flies readily to the voice and horn of the huntsman who helps him to kill foxes. So the Cottesmore hounds are quick out of covert, the point in which four huntsmen out of seven fail. But the Cottesmore country has stouter foxes and is easier to hunt than some of its neighbours. If I were asked to choose my sport before I went out hunting, I would say give me a smart scurry of fifteen to twenty-five minutes in the morning and a good hunting run in the afternoon. Now that was exactly what the Cottesmore provided us with on December 10th, and it was indeed a perfect day's sport, more particularly as the grass, though not very safe, was far better to gallop and jump on than might have been expected. It may be fancy, but people are not riding this year, with some few exceptions, as boldly as of old. The reason is plain—that the risk to the horse, is a serious one. One day's hunt may mean not only a lame horse, but often the crippling of those one or two horses in our stud on which we are really at home. The first fox made a straight course from Orton Park Wood to Owston. Short of that covert he changed his mind, and, leaving Owston village, he swung round towards Somerby and was lost. This was a good and most enjoyable half-hour of galloping. The huntsman satisfied himself that the fox was lost, and then we went on to Ranksborough. I suppose people who scarcely know the name of any other covert have heard of this one. Every Leicestershire man's blood has coursed more quickly through his veins when he has read or reread Mr. Bromley Davenport's "Dream of an Old Meltonian" and the run described in galloping verse, which began, if you recollect, at Ranksborough.

Our huntsman had some bad moments at the start. The fox was headed, and at first scent seemed doubtful. Patience, promptitude, and perception, three capital qualities in a huntsman, started us on a hunt of about an hour over an admirable line. From Ranksborough to Brook is not a bad point, and the fox described a semi-circle, which led us by Langham and Oakham, a detour no one will be disposed to complain of, for it prolonged our sport and led us across a very beautiful country.

Let me give an extract from a letter from one of the many hunting friends whose lot lies in the furrow rather than the field. The country where for the time being he hunts is the Stevenstone, which in my boyhood was hunted by the Hon. Mark Rolle. He had it twenty-four seasons, and bred a pack of hounds which for nose, drive, and tongue were not to be beaten. The country is essentially a rough and wild one, but very picturesque, and noted for its excellent scenting qualities. "I took your advice, and bought on A——'s recommendation a Devonshire horse. He is about 15h. zin., stout, with a lot of blood in him, but his cleverness over banks, and the way he will follow over a fence when we cannot cross over together, beat anything I have ever seen in horseflesh, and I have ridden some few Arabs out pig-sticking, as you know. The whole turn-out was very workmanlike, and the hounds looked like going. Once they cast themselves in a way which I believe you would have come all the way from Leicestershire to see. Hatchmore was the covert drawn, or so I was told. The holloa of Will, the whipper-in, almost answered the first challenge of a hound. The same note, unless I am mistaken, put the pack right more than once during the run. They seemed to fly to it. As the Master was bringing the pack to the holloa, another fox sprang up right under their noses, and, of course, with this one they went off fairly screaming at his brush. Hounds ran as if tied to the line till at a roadway they overshot it. A moment's pause, and then to the right I heard the same deep note. Hounds flew to it, and bursting into an ecstatic chorus once more tore away. On a certain fallow they checked, and it was hereabouts hounds made the cast to which I have referred. The next time they checked it was all over. For the first time the Master had to take hold of them, but the fox had fairly beaten us, and I trotted off homewards."

Most hunting people will approve of the action of Mr. Greville Verney and Lord North, who have requested that motor-cars may not be brought to the meets of the Warwickshire hounds. Whatever may be the virtues of automobiles, they are certainly out of place at a fox-hunt. I understand that similar notices will be issued by other hunts.

To finish the story of the week is easy. There was a bye-day on Friday at Bowden Inn with Mr. Fernie's, with the result that in the worst of weather we had a good gallop to Welham; but the pleasure was taken out of the hunt by the slippery state of the turf. On Saturday last there was no scent, and there were no foxes at Stockerton Cross-roads. Possibly they might have had a run late in the afternoon. Of the fifty or so who started, but six or seven were left at last, of whom I was not one.

I am sorry that the picture "Refusing a Fence," published on December 7th, was described as the copyright of COUNTRY LIFE. The photograph really belongs to a gentleman who is making a collection of snap-shots illustrative of incidents in the hunting-field.

X.

## ON THE GREEN.

**I**N the winter weather, and with the coming of the snow, the thoughts of many a golfer begin to turn lightly to the sunnier regions of the South of France, and the excellent golf that is to be played (sometimes not excellently) on the greens of Pau, Biarritz, Cannes, and the rest of them. Mr. Charles Hutchings is the captain for the year of the venerable club at Pau, and he goes out in the odour of recent success. It is no small matter to win the medal at Hoylake as he did the other day, with such players as Mr. Ball, Mr. Hilton, and Mr. Graham in the field against him. Mr. Graham, by the by, has done wonderfully well in the medal-winning way at Hoylake this year. Of the six scratch medals to be won in the twelve months he has bagged three, Mr. Hilton has won one, Mr. Wilson one, and Mr. Hutchings one, as afore-said. Mr. Graham is playing himself into a position in which he shortly may expect the honour of being visited by a burglar. The golfer of many medals should never go to bed without his niblick.

There is a suggestion thrown out in the editorial notes of last week's *Golf Illustrated* that is worth attention for its novelty, if not for some more solid merits. The remarks are in the nature of comment on Mr. MacLaren's appointment as treasurer of the Hampshire Cricket Club. "Geraint," of the *Referee*, "takes the view that all who make money out of cricket" (or any other game, presumably) "in any shape or form, should play as professionals." This is a hard dictum to apply. Are we to call an old retired general officer a professional golfer because he holds a share in the Army and Navy Stores, and an infinitesimal fraction of his dividend is earned by the sale of golf clubs? Yet on "Geraint's" maxim—a good one, if applicable—we shall have to call this gallant warrior a professional golfer. The novel suggestion of the editor of *Golf Illustrated* is to do away with the distinction between professional and amateur altogether. It is a suggestion that startles at first, but there is a deal to say for it when you come to ruminate on it. It is hard to see that it would work either injustice or inconvenience. It is no good saying that you want a social distinction, for the answer is that you do not get it under the present system. One of the Auchterlonie brothers played for years as an amateur while the other played as a professional. What you really do want is a distinction between the man who plays the game as a pastime (*i.e.*, in his hours of occasional leisure) and the man who plays it as constantly as if it were his life's business; but this is just the kind of distinction we cannot arrive at, because it is altogether a matter of degree. Really the simplest way would seem to be, according to the *Golf Illustrated* editor's suggestion, to abolish distinctions of class altogether. Such social distinctions as we wish to make are made by the black ball put into the ballot-box. Clubs can be kept as exclusive as their members wish them. For the rest, why not a democracy?

Mr. Martin Hardie continues to exhume interesting golfing pictures, and his latest is the earliest—from a Book of Hours of the Duchess of Burgundy, at Chantilly, date between 1460 and 1470. A notable point of this picture, which is fifty years older than any previously recorded, is that two of the players use a curved stick, like a hockey stick, and the others use shafts stuck into square, block, heads. We see the old and the new styles of the period. No doubt there was the "golfer of the old school" then as now—the trusted Tory.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.



## SOME DUTCH KITCHENS.

THE Dutch were among the earliest people to secure anything like domestic comfort on a moderate scale.

They were the first to make home life agreeable, as we understand it. While our country houses were cold and stony, the merchants and citizens of the Netherlands (whether in town or country did not matter, for in the Low Countries they were seldom far from a town of some sort) built good houses, furnished them richly, and lived at home, while their wives were immensely proud of their housekeeping, and saw that everything was as neat as a new pin. This pride in the house led first to portraits being painted of the owners in their houses, such as the wonderful Van Eyck at the National Gallery, showing an elderly merchant and his wife in their exquisitely furnished room, and then to pictures of what would here be called "domestic interest"—subjects like those which Sir David Wilkie painted, though generally far more elaborate *quâ* interior and filling, and with rather less refinement of feeling. We except the wonderful picture by Nicolas Maas at Amsterdam, of the old woman saying her grace alone before her loaf of bread, one of the most pathetic paintings, as well as one of the best, in the world. Teniers simply outshone all his contemporaries in what was then the popular style of art. His painting was that of a master in execution, and he rapidly became rich and famous. He also, like Rembrandt, has left us pictures of himself in his home life, and being very simple—and shall we say rather a *tête monté*?—he has given us in one of his very best paintings a picture of himself, in his most swell clothes, with a hawk on his fist, and "quite the gentleman," standing in his kitchen receiving the purveyors of all kinds of victuals, while in the background are his cooks getting ready the good things for a big feed in the evening. This kitchen picture by a really great painter, in which he chose to be absolutely photographic, is well worth comparing with the series of photographs of the ancient



After

TENIERS' KITCHEN.

Teniers.

homes of cakes and ale which have appeared in COUNTRY LIFE. We must frankly say that it is in some respects more vivid, for he is able to put in all the life and movements of this the real focus of household activity, on the management of which the stamina of the rest largely depends. The picture was painted in the year 1646, for that is the date on the caricature nailed above the mantel-piece, a picture which looks very like a burlesque of the Emperor Maximilian, though the date makes it improbable. The room itself, which is partly kitchen and partly a big kind of larder and scullery divided from it by a wooden partition, is as empty and bare as most of the oldest kitchens were, which were purely cooking-places, and not dwelling-rooms as well. There is nothing to sit upon, not even a bench, and only one small table in each. But there is a huge fireplace, at which a row of geese, another of ducks, and a third of teal, are roasting, and on the notched pot-rack hangs the soup-kettle. Apparently Teniers was going to give a "Country Life Dinner," entirely of game, wildfowl, and fish, possibly to a set of country gentlemen or sportsmen, his neighbours, or more likely to the members of a hawking club, which would account for his appearance in full costume in the picture, with the hawk on his fist, and the bag holding the lure, meat, etc., by his side. He evidently was not much of a sportsman, for the falcon is the only thing badly drawn in the whole picture. Brussels sprouts, of which a woman is pouring out a bushful, are going to be the vegetable, and with wild duck or goose a very good vegetable too. There is a wine cooler by his side, with a bottle of Hollands and another of liqueur in it, probably for his personal refreshment.

Apparently the fish is "rather late," as some of it is only just being brought in; but to anyone who knows Holland it is a very interesting study, as is the poultry in front. The kinds of fish are just those which would be got together for a big feed at The Hague to-day, absolutely fresh from the North Sea, or from the rivers. The sturgeon on the left would be a rarity then, as now. But the cod, which an old fisherman is just bringing in, and for catching which he is being presented to Teniers by the head-cook, the turbot, eels, and



After

"LA BELLE DORMEUSE."

Mercier.

dabs are genuine Dutch coast fish. The angler fish was evidently looked upon as a curiosity then as now, for a dried one is hung from the kitchen ceiling. The small birds on a stick are a regular Dutch delicacy. They are "vinkies," i.e., finches, chaffinches, greenfinches, and other small birds, caught on flat places in the sand-dunes on their autumn migration. These places are set with clap-nets and call-birds, and thousands of "vinkies" are caught every autumn. These are roasted, and put round pheasants or turkeys as a garnish. The joint lying next them is probably a haunch of roebuck. Ostend rabbits were evidently famous then, for those hanging from the meat-rack are tame rabbits.

Kitchens on a lesser scale were constantly painted, either to show their skill in genre art, or to put in some little moral, such as that of *La belle Dormeuse*. This subject is always



After

A DUTCH INTERIOR.

Gerard Dow.

being reproduced. The room, though substantially built, is very rough. Few English kitchens of the same calibre (for the sleeping beauty is expensively dressed) would be so bare. The wooden tub of water would scarcely be seen in a modern cottage, unless it were to wash the vegetables in. The room is, in fact, little better than a scullery.

Far different is the setting of "The Swan Pie." This is another of Teniers' paintings, and marks what is evidently one of the great culinary triumphs of the day. It would deserve a high place in Benoist's window in Piccadilly to-day, even if less elegant than the chessboard jellies and *chaudfroids* in that establishment. The lady of the house, though peeling a turnip, with her little boy beside her, sits in



After

"THE SWAN PIE."

Teniers.



After

THE SHADOW RABBIT. Sir D. Wilkie.

a chair upholstered with Utrecht velvet, and is evidently sitting for her portrait—in fact, the pie, the lady, and the boy are the three principal figures. There is to be another great feast, but not all game and wildfowl this time, for joints of mutton are on the bottom spit.

Teniers' "feeling" for kitchens is good, and does him credit. Another picture has an element of "make up," though it is one of Gerard Dow's most finished works. The room in which the nice-looking married lady is sitting sewing a piece of satin is clearly not a kitchen. It has costly fittings and furniture, curtains and pillars. The game, fish, and vegetables are evidently "properties" introduced, because the artist was an adept at painting them, just as he was at painting the brass chandelier and the sword in another part of the room. But the picture is a very pleasant domestic scene. The Dutch mother, young and pretty, though her hair is pulled back in a most unbecoming way, is a very pleasing figure and most exquisitely painted. Some cooking of a light kind is going on in the next room, in which an old woman attends to the *pot au feu*. The whole picture shows that considerable splendour was combined with great simplicity of life in the Hollanders' homes.

Pass we to another and more Spartan kitchen, that of the young Border farmer in Sir David Wilkie's well-known painting. Wilkie was Dutch in method and Scotch in feeling, and the result was excellent, though no one who has not seen the colour of his paintings can appreciate their goodness. The small Scotch farmer is a very frugally living man, as one may gather from Burns's poems. There is very little apparatus of comfort in



this Lowland kitchen, but considerable family happiness—also a good fat pair of ducks hanging up well out of the way of the cat. The wife looks too hard and old for her family, but the baby is undeniable. The picture reminds us of a domestic incident in rather higher life. A small child had just been taught to put her hands together before her and say grace after her tea, which accomplishment she learnt after being shown a "shadow rabbit" on the wall. Having completed her grace, she kept her hands still raised, looking at the shadow on the wall, and continued, with a pause to remark on this, making the whole grace run thus, "Thank God for a nice tea, Amen, but it doesn't make a rabbit."

C. J. CORNISH.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### TEA ROSES AND THE WINTER.

REFERENCE has been made already to the effect of frost upon Tea Roses, and a well-known gardener in the Midlands, who has planted hundreds, even thousands, of Roses endorses the remarks already made. He writes: "It has been many times asserted that the true Tea Roses are as hardy as the Hybrid Perpetuals and the Chinas, but this has not been my experience, for where protection of some kind has not been given I have found them much weakened, and sometimes killed outright, when left to take their chance in winters of even ordinary severity. A case in point came recently to my notice in a garden the soil of which is very suitable for Roses, and where they usually do well. There was a sharp contrast between the Tea-scented and those of other sections, for while the latter were robust, the true Teas were weak and spindly, and had not, even so late in the year, recovered from the frosts of the previous winter. It is quite easy to protect Tea Roses by drawing up around the base of the plants a mound of soil from the borders and beds, and thus preserving from injury the lower buds, which will then produce strong flowering shoots. It is not well to give this protection too soon, but it may be safely given now. Standard Teas are not much grown away from the Southern Counties, but these too may be protected by lightly twisting a handful of bracken amongst the branches, and something of the same kind may be used for climbing Noisettes, which also are tender, and growths which should supply the bulk of next year's flowers are easily injured."

### ROSE CRIMSON RAMBLER.

This Rose is so familiar that it is needless to describe it. Every Rose grower knows Crimson Rambler, the Rose that makes a trail of painfully brilliant crimson, a meteoric flash of colour on a summer day, soon to disappear, and alas, before doing so turning to magenta and purple, so unpleasant that one almost regrets its introduction. It is a rambling Rose in the truest sense, making long and vigorous shoots every year, and flowering prodigiously. The way to get a display annually is to remove the shoots that have flowered in the late summer, so as to get an entirely new growth. In spite of its metallic colouring and its purplish shade when fading, Crimson Rambler is a revelation. It is a wonderful Rose for planting against trees or over arches, but be careful to so place it that its colouring does not clash with things near, and generally it is better to see it from afar off.

### WINTER FLOWERS IN THE GREENHOUSE.

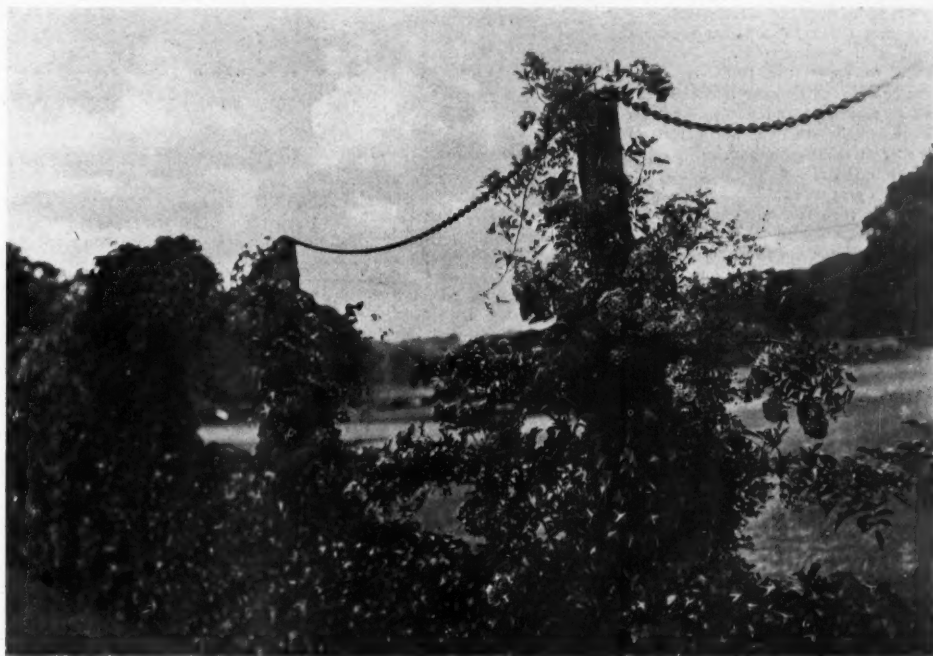
Enquiries are so frequently made about the various plants, other than Chrysanthemums, available for the greenhouse throughout the late autumn and early winter months, that the following notes of things in beauty in the Royal Gardens, Kew, may be useful. The list shows that the choice is by no means so limited as is generally supposed, while it must also be borne in mind that the heavy fogs, of which we have had far too large a share this season, have left their mark on several other plants that we might reasonably have expected to help the display. The flowers of particular note included Primulas, represented by numerous varieties of *Primula sinensis*, including the graceful *stellata*, and also the pretty little Himalayan *P. floribunda*, with its wealth of golden blossoms, as well as the ever-flowering *P. obconica*; Roman Hyacinths, which, if potted early, will in an ordinary greenhouse bloom before November is over; Begonias, of which several are very effective, notably *B. semperflorens rosea*, the large, bold-growing *B. semperflorens gigantea rosea*, *B. knowsleyana*, with bluish-tinted blossoms, the bright red *B. coccinea*, and, of course, the universally-grown *B. Gloire de Lorraine*. *Acacia platytera*, the representative of a class more noticeable for spring than autumn flowering, is at its best, while numerous Heaths contribute their share. They include *Erica melanthera*, with little bluish-tinted, sweetly-scented flowers, the ever-popular *Erica hyemalis* and its white variety (*alba*), *Erica cerinthoides coronata*, with bright red flowers, and *E. mammosa*, in which they are more of a lilac tint. The Australian representatives of the Heath family—viz., the *Epacris*—form an attractive feature, many forms being in bloom. Other hard-wooded plants consist of *Grevillea Preissi*, also known as *G. thelemanniana*, a graceful bush, with leaves reminding one of those of the Southernwood, while the clusters of reddish blossoms are noticeable by reason of their long curved styles. *Bauera rubioides*, a Tasmanian shrub with little saucer-shaped blossoms of a pinkish hue, is scarcely ever out of bloom, while *Daphne indica rubra* fills the house with fragrance. One of the brightest features of all is furnished by a group of *Salvia splendens grandiflora*, while the creamy blossoms of the *Tuberose* are admired by everyone. *Tecoma capensis*, with vivid orange-scarlet flowers, and *Tecoma Smithi*, in which they are more of yellow tint, are effective when treated as they are at Kew; but many fail to flower them well. *Calceolaria Burbridgei*, that valuable hybrid from Trinity

College Gardens, Dublin, is still bearing its pleasing yellow blossoms, while the earliest flowers of the delightful *Luculia gratissima* are very sweet. A good group of *Cyclamen persicum* at once arrests attention, and the blue *Marguerite* (*Agathaea coelestis*) is also very pretty. Some better-known subjects for blooming at this season are Paper-white *Narcissus*, *Reinwardtia tetrazyna*, with its orange-coloured blossoms, *Peristrophe*, or *Justicia speciosa*, and *Eupatorium odoratum*.

The pillars or roof also contribute their share to the floral display, for there are in bloom: *Tibouchina*, or *Lasiandra macrantha*, with its saucer-shaped flowers of a deep purple colour, *Jasminum grandiflorum* (a Himalayan form of our popular white Jessamin), and, like that, remarkable for its fragrance), the Australian *Hibbertia dentata*, with golden flowers somewhat like those of the St. John's Wort, and *Cestrum aurantiacum*, with clusters of pretty tubular-shaped orange-coloured blossoms. Besides these numerous flowers, the pretty little bright red berries of *Rivina humilis* and the equally vivid fruits of *Solanum integrifolium inermis* serve to brighten the late autumn.

### THE VALUE OF MANURE.

It is a mistake to think that one season only is correct for applying manures to gardens. There is not a gardener living, or even the humblest cottager or allotment holder, who does not apply manure to soil, either to bury it or for use as a mulch, when he can get it. The chief defect in relation to manures is the difficulty of getting enough of them. It is not good practice to apply crude or quite fresh manures in the spring just as the crop is being planted, because dry weather so often immediately follows, and manures remain undecomposed or insoluble, whilst also keeping the soil unduly light and open. Very much, however, depends on the nature of the crop that is being cleared off late in the spring, especially of Turnips, Celery, or Spinach, as these cannot be top-dressed, as in the case of Cabbages or Kales. In their case nothing is gained and something is wasted by top-dressing if good growth has already been created. It is undesirable to induce such things to push coarse leafage just as



CRIMSON RAMBLER ROSE.

the time comes for their removal. If a top-dressing of manure be given in the autumn or early winter, then great good follows. So also can a breadth of young Cabbages be improved by being mulched at any time of the year. Gardeners, and even cottagers, constantly apply mulches to Peas, Beans, Autumn Giant Cauliflowers, or similar crops needing surface feeding and protection from the sun. To apply mulches of manure to fruit and vegetable crops at all times of the year is now a common practice in gardens, and where manure must of necessity be applied to ground in the spring it is well understood that, if obtainable, it be got in early, and be turned from time to time to assist decomposition, and thus apply it to the soil in the best possible condition.

### WINTER WASHING OF FRUIT TREES.

We have received a useful little leaflet from the Board of Agriculture dealing with the "Winter Washing of Fruit Trees." This information must be useful to those with neglected orchards, so we give it:

A neglected orchard not only harbours all manner of insect enemies during the winter, which come out in the spring and begin their ravages in that particular orchard, but it forms a nursery or breeding ground from which other orchards are supplied with noxious insects.

It is desirable, therefore, that all such orchards should be treated in some way to stop the damage that is caused by the various insect pests they encourage.

For this purpose a caustic or burning wash known as caustic alkali wash is most successful. This mixture serves a double function. It removes, by means of its caustic properties, all vegetal encumbrances, moss and lichens; and at the same time it causes all rough and decaying bark to fall off. A tree so treated soon assumes a more healthy appearance. By the removal of the moss and lichen from the trees, the favourite quarters of many hibernating insects are destroyed. The woolly aphis, the Apple blossom weevil, the earwig, the codling maggot, thrips, and numerous other small insects are found during the winter beneath the vegetal growth and rough bark on fruit trees. The destruction of their winter quarters places these often serious pests at a disadvantage, and they cease to multiply abnormally.

Scale insects, of which two at least are more or less harmful in this country, namely, the Apple bark louse or mussel scale and the brown currant scale,

may also be destroyed by caustic alkali wash.

Not only are moss and lichens and the insects referred to destroyed or stopped from excessive increase by this wash, but it acts also in another way by attacking the eggs of certain species. The extent of its action on the eggs has not, however, been fully determined. Groups of the eggs of the Apple sucker (*Psylla Mali*) treated with it were all killed, as also were those of the red spider—a species of *Bryobia*—on fruit, and those of certain aphides. Spraying the wash over eggs recently laid had little effect on them, but when the embryos were nearly matured, the majority of those of the insects mentioned were destroyed.

At present, therefore, the wash is mainly recommended for cleaning the trees in an orchard and thus destroying the shelter of various insects during the winter, and for killing certain hibernating pests themselves, as the codling maggot, woolly aphis, and others. It certainly has no effect in the open on the ova of the winter moth, lackey moth, and those of certain plant lice.

Caustic alkali wash has a most beneficial effect on both old and young orchards in which the trees are infested with moss and lichens and with woolly aphis. The best time to spray the trees is about the middle of February, as the eggs of some insects and mites are then more likely to be affected than earlier in the winter, and it is not so late in the season as to harm any developing buds.

To prepare caustic alkali wash, first dissolve 1lb. of commercial caustic soda in water, then 1lb. of crude potash in water. When both have been dissolved mix the two well together, then add ½ lb. of agricultural treacle, stir well, and add sufficient water to make up to 10gal.

As the wash has a burning effect on the hands, care must be taken in employing it. Rubber gloves are sometimes used to protect the hands, but these, unless close fitting, allow the wash to run under the rubber, and more harm is done than usual. With ordinary care the sprayers need suffer little inconvenience.

#### FRUIT TREES ON WIRED WALLS.

A brief note on the evils of galvanised wire on walls for fruit trees at this season may not be out of place, as the present is a good time to release the growth of the trees, at least the new or other small wood, as the growths are benefited by this practice. Some growers even cut every tie that holds the trees against the wires, but the writer leaves the large strong leading or main shoots. These are covered with old cloth or canvas, as it is well to support the trees during the winter to protect them from rough winds and snows. It is also a good plan to place a wood block several inches thick between the wall and against the main stem, so that the trees are securely pressed forward from the wall. This not only prevents the wire damaging the trees, but retards them in the early spring—an important point. It may be asked what are the evils of galvanised wire. Well, they are great. A wired wall in the growing season looks neat, and the work, such as training and tying in, is much easier; but the wire in severe weather is much colder than the wall, and acts curiously on the tender bark after a severe spell of frost. The wood appears as if scorched and blackened, and the following season cankers, and the trees present a sorry appearance. There may be other influences at work, something that only specialists may know. The same thing at times occurs with ordinary iron fencing with tender trees, and in all cases it is well to take early measures to prevent injury, and especially in the case of young trees which are more readily affected. We also take the precaution to paint the wire or iron before tying, a good practice, as should any stray shoots touch the wires they are not so quickly injured. Another good plan is to have the wires as far away from the wall as possible, but if at too great a distance the fruit is apt to get wedged between the wall and the wire in the summer. If the trees can be clear of the



Miss Alice Hughes,

MRS. BERTRAM MEEKING'S CHILDREN.

52, Gower Street.

wall for the next three months, so much the better. Those of the writer are left as late as possible in the spring before being placed in position.

#### NOTES ON TREES AND SHRUBS.

*Catalpa hybrida* is a hybrid between *C. cordifolia* and *C. Kämpferi*, and was raised about a quarter of a century ago in Indiana, U.S.A., by Mr. Teas. It is rare here, but tree-lovers may like to know that, according to a great authority, it is likely to prove the finest of all the Catalpas, exceeding even *C. cordifolia* in vigour of growth and size of panicles. Four hundred flowers have been borne on a single panicle; they are of the usual white, with yellow and purple markings on the throat.

*C. cordifolia*.—This is also known as *C. speciosa*, and is allied to *C. bignonioides*. The flower-panicles are longer, with individual flowers quite 2in. across; but, as there are fewer of them than in *bignonioides*, there is no increase in effectiveness; they appear about a fortnight earlier. We mention this rare species because it is the noblest of the family, and may exist in some English gardens under the name of *C. bignonioides*. It is frequently met with 50ft. high, and will attain to 100ft. Professor Sargent, in his famous work, "Silva of North America," records a remarkable instance, showing the power of the wood of this *Catalpa* to withstand decay when submerged in water. In 1811, owing to an earthquake, a large area of land in Missouri, on which this tree and others were growing, became submerged. All the vegetation was destroyed, but in 1878—or sixty-seven years after—the trunks of the *Catalpas* were found to be still sound, whereas the other trees that had been contemporary with them had long since decayed and vanished.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ROSES.—We should welcome any specially good photographs of Roses, either growing or as cut flowers. If in water they should be in plain glasses, or vases without patterns, and on plain backgrounds. If in the garden they should preferably be without figures or accessories, such as the ironmonger's stock, garden seats, bicycles, or family pets. They should be silver prints, glazed, and not less than half-plate size.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist our readers in matters concerning their gardens. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a good man.

## THINGS ABOUT OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THERE is no doubt the Boughtem people have added a good deal of interest to life in our part of the world. They are "new" people—I don't like the word *parvenu* as it has come to be used in England. No, the Ivimeys are not what is meant by *parvenu*, though they have made an enormous lot of money in trade—still do, in fact—and had lived in one of those terrible sham country-side houses at Putney before they came here. They are "new," and they have all the pluck and go of newness. They are frankly in love with feudalism. I think they are right about that; it is the only system which shows off the English country-side properly. Of course, they adapt it to modern needs by working a certain leaven of Primrose League into it. Mr. Ivimey is a convinced Conservative of that particular blueness which is almost black because it is so blue—you know what I mean—the real Salisbury indigo. Mrs. Ivimey has her almshouses,

where the row of old women in blue gowns sitting against the port-wine hollyhocks in summer is a delightful picture, and their red frieze cloaks in winter light up the landscape. A London young woman was got down to teach smocking in the school, and every labourer is given a couple of smock frocks, with splendid cart-wheels on the collars for the carters, and the funny forgotten fir-tree pattern for the foresters and woodmen. There are prettier and prompter bob-curties in and around Boughtem village than anywhere else—the word has been passed about that Mrs. Ivimey admires the old country manners—and lilac and pink sun-bonnets dot the lanes where children are loitering, instead of the untidy, dusty hats I notice over our way.

When the great yellow waggons with the magnificent Shire horses pass you by, you do not need to read the name "Samuel Ivimey, Esqre., Boughtem Hall, Boughtem," upon them; the charming jingle of an old-world waggoner's team has greeted



you from afar, startling flocks of nervous modern finches from the hedges. Every horse carries the leather band on an arch above his collar; Mr. Ivimey bought several fine old sets, and the estate saddler makes them up as required. A hundred years ago, I believe, all the finches in England knew the sound of those sweet-noted bells, and sat through them as stolidly as a congregation sits through the voluntary—but even the finches change.

The carriages at Boughtem are canary colour and black, the livery stone with canary facings; Mrs. Ivimey has a couple of Dalmatians running under her high barouche, and Mr. Ivimey's pair of cobs, which he drives in a Stanhope, look as though they had come out of a Georgian print; they ought, one feels, to be perennially trotting upon "the Brighton road."

A good many people have laughed at the Ivimeys—foolishly, as I think. Why should not these people put their money to such picturesque use? Surely it is more sympathetic to see the Ivimeys buying back the pageant of English village life than to see the Martindales whizzing about in one or other of their four disgusting motors, their heads tied up in towels, and their faces in a meat-safe? Not that I am really prejudiced against motors. I like to be in one, though I have my own fashion of protecting myself from dust, and it is not the meat-safe fashion. But I detest being on the road and seeing *other people* in one.

The invincible ugliness of everything about a motor (which I don't notice when I'm driving in one myself) seems to hit me in the eye. No, whatever the neighbourhood may say about the Ivimeys' Twelfth Night parties and May-pole dances and cheese-rollings on King John's Hill, I *like* them and the cheeriness they bring with them into the village far more than the Martindales, whose minds are centred on motors and steeped in petrol, and who whiz past gaping groups of rustics as though they had no concern with such survivals of the past.

There is, or ought to be, a limit, however. You expect a man like Mr. Ivimey to *know* that a labourer cannot keep a wife and family on 12s. a week, paying 2s. 6d. for the cottage—but his passion for the old English system obfuscates his mind, I suppose. I drew him out about it last time they dined here. I hinted that the soup and port wine and custards which are dealt out freely at Boughtem to a man when his wife is ill or when he himself is "on the Club" was a form of pauperisation. He replied that he thought I admired feudalism and its results; this dependence on the squire's pocket and kitchen was one of its results, and it attached a man to his overlord—very well, then, what was the matter with it?

The way Mr. Ivimey said "overlord," the sort of purple puff that he gave to his cheeks, and the way his waistcoat seemed to reach out till it disarranged the table silver annoyed me. I said I admired the picturesque side of feudalism only; but I would like a man to be paid enough money for his work to be able, when ill, to provide his own mutton broth and things, instead of having to go and fawn at anybody's back-door. And, I added—rather rudely, perhaps—what would his employes at the jam

factory say if he adopted the system in vogue round Boughtem? You *can* argue with Mr. Ivimey—that is one good thing about him; you can say just what you feel, in the plainest way; outside his jam factory, he does not ask for jam. But he would not climb down. He likes all the old business of cords of wood and hay-money and harvest-money and skim milk, and, in fact, doles and charities of all kinds—and I must admit that they never change their people at Boughtem. Every labourer stays on for ever. He and Mrs. Ivimey burst in to the cottages at all hours, uninvited, and expect the women to grin and dust chairs and be pleased about it, no matter how much carefully-heated water is cooling in the wash-tub while they talk.

Esmeralda frankly says they like it far better than the Countess's more modern plan. She knocks and waits, and never goes in, unless pressed to do so; and she always knows—by some inherited instinct, I think—what the people will be doing, and when not to call.

If people kow-tow to her unbearably, she either tells them not to, or does not go back, and she has been known to darn two pairs of the children's socks (excrucially, I feel sure) while Mrs. Odge was talking to her about the curious inability of the last baby to digest cold salt pork.

She got herself quite disliked, poor woman, by putting baths into all the farms, and would have them in the cottages, too, if she could afford it. The people took it as an aspersion upon their personal habits in some odd way, and the Wurzells, at Coddon Uplands, left, although they had laid down thirteen acres of pasture the previous spring.

Still, she has charming ways, and is, I believe, unconsciously adored—as so often happens in life. She asks them for cuttings of the old flowers, and gives them all kinds of spindly smart things in return; and she exchanges pure-bred cockerels for sitting hens instead of letting the keepers buy the hens in the usual way at half-a-crown. This keeps up the poultry of the neighbourhood most successfully.

It is *difficult* to help or improve villagers; anyone who has tried it knows that. But it is a great deal more difficult in the South Country than in the North. Professor MacConnachie was talking of that very thing when he last stayed with us. When he told us about all the laundries and billiard-tables and things that the North Country villages can keep going and make successful, we sighed to think how backward we were.

"There's a very simple reason for it," said the Professor cheerfully; "the full weight of the Conquest fell on your people, and the eight hundred and thirty-five years that have rolled past since haven't wiped out the impression. They are softer material to start with—and they're still suffering from it."

The Countess was struck by this. Still, you must watch carefully, and work away, she says, and do just as much good as you can without getting yourself too thoroughly hated. Nobody should be expected to say "thank you" unless for something *quite* useless, she insists. Give them something clever and practical and labour-saving, and only the greatest tact will prevent them becoming your enemy afterwards.

## THE "MASTER OF GAME."—II.

[The "Master of Game" is the oldest book on sport (hitherto unpublished) in the English language. It was written by Duke Edward of York, who fell at Agincourt, 1415, and the majority of the chapters are literal translations from Count Gaston de Foix's famous hunting book "La Chasse," written between 1387 and 1391. The pictures reproduced are fac-similes from a very fine copy of the latter work preserved in the National Library of France.]

OUR first article dealt with the beginning of Chapter I. To avoid somewhat wearisome reiterations indulged in by our martial author for the purpose of showing his readers that idleness is the root of all evil, and that as every good huntsman is continually occupied with his sport, he has no time to think of sin or commit evil deeds, and therefore is bound to go straight to heaven when he dies, we propose only to give the closing part of Chapter I., containing as it does much that is of quaint interest.

"Now shall I prove how hunters live in this world more joyfully than any other men, for when the hunter riseth in the morning, and he sees a sweet and fair morn and clear weather and bright, and he heareth the song of the small fowls, the which sing so sweetly with great melody and full of love, each in his own language in the best wise that he may, after that he may learn of his own kind. And when the sun is arisen, he shall see fresh dew upon the small twigs and grasses, and the sun by his virtue shall make them shine. And that is great joy and liking to the hunter's heart. After when he shall go to his quest or searching, and shall see or meet anon with the hart without great seeking, and shall harbour him well and readily within a little compass. It is great joy and liking to the hunter. And

after when he shall come to the assembly or gathering and he shall report before the Lord and his company that which he hath seen with his eyes, or by scauntyloun (measure) of the trace (slot) which he ought always of right to take, or by the furmes (droppings) that he shall have in his horn or in his lap. And every man shall say: Lo, here is a great hart and is a deer of high metying or pasturing, go we and move him; the which things I shall declare hereafter, when it is to say that the hunter has great joy. When he beginneth to sue (following) and he hath hunted but a little and he shall hear or see the hart start before him and shall well know that it is the right one and his hounds that shall this day be finders shall come to the lair, or to the fues (track), and shall then be uncoupled without that any go coupled, and they shall well run and enchase, then hath the hunter great joy and great liking. And after he leapeth on horseback, if he be of that estate, and else on foote with great haste to follow his hounds. And in case peradventure the hounds shall be gone far from thence where he uncoupled he seeketh some advantage to get in front of his hounds. And then shall he see the hart pass before him and shall hallo and route mightily, and he shall see which hound come in the van chase, and in the middle, and which are parfyours, after the order in which they shall come. And when all the hounds have passed before him then shall he ride after them and shall route and blow as loud as he may with great joy and great liking, and I assure you he thinketh to no other sin or to no other end. And when the hart be overcome and shall be at bay he shall have liking. And after, when the hart is spayed and dead, he undoeth him and maketh his quarry and enquireth and rewardeth his



VARIOUS BREEDS OF SPORTING DOGS FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

hounds, and so he shall have great liking, and when he cometh home he cometh joyfully, for his lord hath given him to drink of his good wine at the quarry, and when he is come home he shall doff his clothes and his shoes and his hose, and he shall wash his thighs and his legs, and peradventure all his body. And in the meanwhile he shall order well his supper, with wortes of the neck of the hart and of other good meats, and good wine or ale. And when he hath well eaten and drunk he shall be glad and well at his ease. And then shall he take the air in the evening of the night for the great heat that he hath had. And then he shall go and drink and lie in his bed in fair fresh clothes, and shall sleep well and steadfastly without any evil thoughts of any sins, wherefore I say that hunters go into Paradise when they die, and live in this world more joyfully than any other men. Yet I will prove to you how hunters live longer than any other men, for as Hippocras telleth: 'full repletion of meat slayeth more men than any sword or knife.' They eat and drink less than any other men of this world, for in the morning at the assembly they eat a little, and if they eat well at supper, they will—at least, in the morning—have corrected their nature, for then they have eaten but little, and their nature will not be prevented to do her digestion, whereby no wicked humours or superfluities may be engendered. And always, when a man is sick, men diet him and give him to drink water made of sugar and tysane and of such things for two or three days to put down evil humours and his superfluities, and also make him void (purge) him. But for a hunter one need not do so, for he may have no repletion on account of the little meat, and by the travail that he hath. And, supposing that which can not be, and that he were full of wicked humours,

yet men wot well that the best termination of sickness that can be is to sweat. And when the hunters do their office on horseback or on foot they sweat often, then if they have any evil in them it must away in the sweating; so that he keep from cold after the heat. Therefore me seemeth I have proved enough. Leeches ordain for a sick man little meat and sweating for the terminating and healing of all things. And since hunters eat little and sweat always they should live long in this world in health. Man desires in this world to live long in health and in joy and after death the salvation of the soul. And hunters by proof have all these things. Therefore be ye all hunters and ye shall do as wise men. Wherefore I counsel to all manner of folk of what estate or condition that they love hounds and hunting and lust of beasts of one kind or another, or hawking. For to be idle and to have no pleasure in either hounds or hawks is not good token. For as saith in his book Phœbus the Earl of Foix that noble hunter, he saw never a good man that had not lust in some of these things, were he ever so great and rich. For if he had need to go to war he should not know what war is, for he would not be accustomed to travail, and so another man would have to do that which he should. For it is an old saw: 'So much is a lord worth as he can make his lands avail.' And also he saith in the aforesaid book, that he never saw a man that loved the work and pleasure of hounds and hawks, that had not many good customs in him; for that cometh to him of great nobleness and gentleness of heart of



HOW THE LYMER IS TO QUEST IN FOREST AND GLADE.





STAG-HUNTING: THE START.

whatever estate the man be, a great lord, a little or a poor or a rich."

The foregoing is almost word for word translated from Gaston de Foix, although the simple and quaint English of the translator makes us entirely forget this when reading. Here and there a word or two added marks the difference between English and French custom. Thus, where Gaston speaks of the huntsman drinking wine, "or ale" adds the Englishman, and where the huntsman should leap on horseback is added "or else on foot if he be of that estate." To Gaston it had probably never occurred that any man would be stag-hunting unless he was mounted. Otherwise the whole hunting described here is the method which obtained in France, and which was introduced into England by the Normans, and which, though it underwent many changes, and at one period was quite neglected, is still practised at Exmoor in a simpler and modernised manner. The harbouring of the deer by the huntsman with his hound or lymer, on a line or liam, taking note of all the signs of a chaseable or warrantable deer, as, for instance, the size of the slot or trace, as the Master of Game calls it, and the droppings and the feeding. Then the starting of the deer from his lair by the finders—a few hounds of the pack uncoupled at first to "move" the deer, then the change of hounds, consisting of the three customary relays which the Master of Game calls the *van chascours*,

the middle, and the *parfyours*. The giving of the reward to the hounds called the *kyrry* or *quarri*—French: *curée*—and the old custom of giving the huntsman of the master's "good wine" at the blooding of the hounds, are all mentioned here as a matter of recognised custom. Indeed, had the wine been omitted the superstition was that the venison would go bad.

Even what we would like to consider the very English suggestion that the huntsman should wash after his day's exertion, "peradventure all his body," also emanates from the Count de Foix. We know that the Count himself borrowed and derived direct inspiration from earlier writings, but so far as I am able to trace the matter, this advice, for which we scarcely look in any literature of the Middle Ages, seems spontaneous on his part, and we can credit him with originality, which we perforce cannot do in the delightful description he has given us of the joy the hunter takes in awakening Nature when he is out in the early morn. For this he had ready to hand in the book of *Roi Modus*, and he lived too near the period and the home of the troubadours not to be well acquainted with their rapturous description of the sun glistening on the tears of dew, and the sweet song of the birdlets in the glade, "*qui content en lor latin*" to every knight, huntsman, or pair of lovers that ramble, in the ballad, through mead and forest.

W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

(To be continued.)



SHOOTING STAGS WITH LONGBOW AND CROSSBOW.



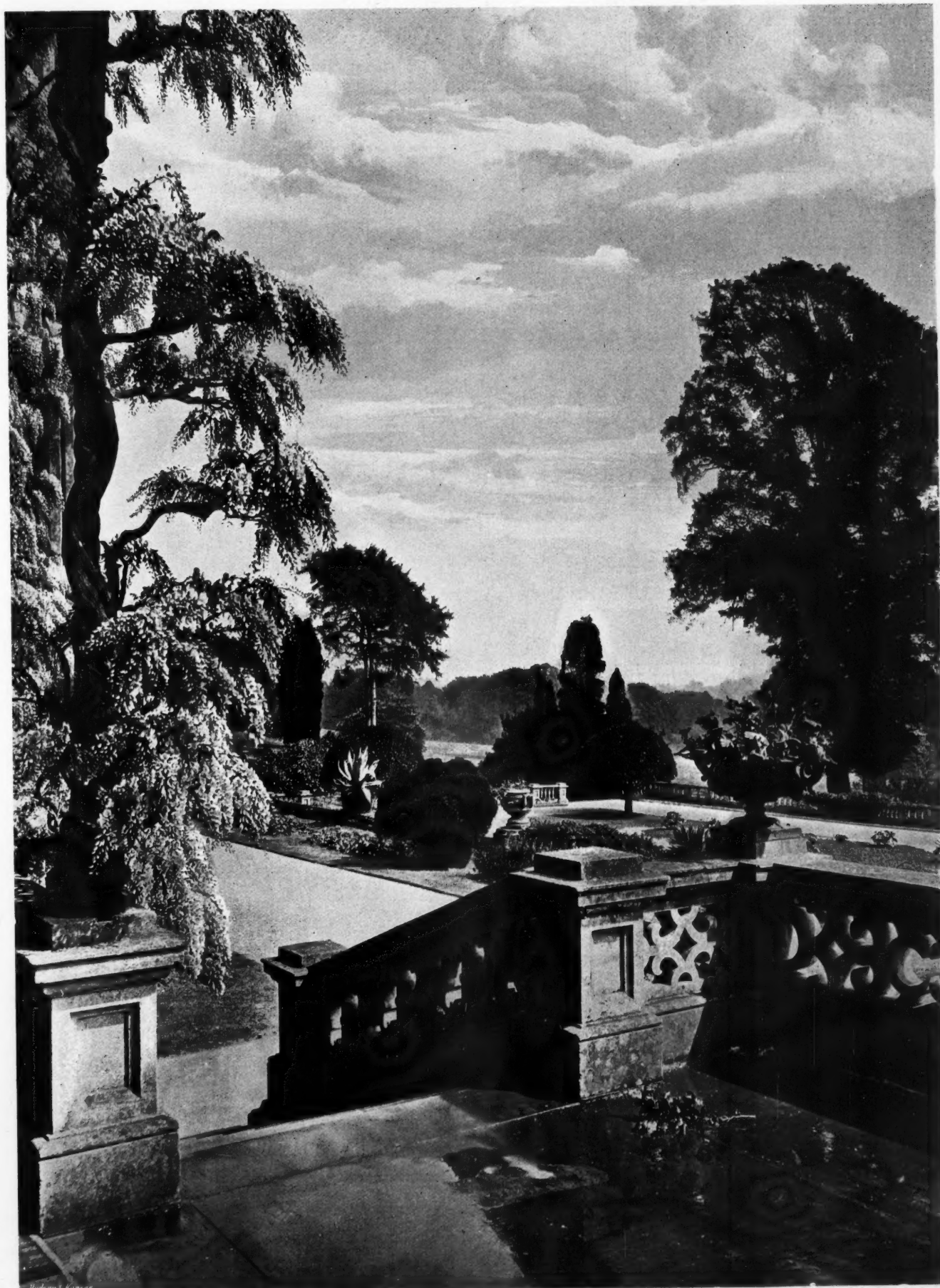
THE parish of Orchardleigh is not a place that can ever make a great noise in the world's affairs. Obvious reasons stand in the way. Lying some two miles north of the ancient town of Frome, in Somersetshire, it is in the midst of a fair and fruitful region of England, one plentifully stocked with fat cattle, and famous for its dairy farms. A small parish, indeed, is Orchardleigh, much out of the beaten track, and content to jog along with a quiet life of its own. A hundred years ago it had but five houses and twenty-eight inhabitants, and now, in this bustling twentieth century, the people who dwell there do not number more than about fifty. The park covers nearly the whole area of the parish, and is a pleasant, picturesque, and well-wooded expanse, with a spacious lake and ponds. Here, in ancient times, spread the forest of Selwood, and the sylvan character still invests the land. The river Frome runs on the south side, and with the woods, water, meadows, and orchards completes the rustic charm. The Kingston Black Apple, the Cadbury, the Latkin, the Devonshire Red Streak, the Poor Man's Profit, the Sheep's Nose, and many varieties of pippins and bitter-sweets, have fruited in the orchards hereabout, and yielded plenteously the cider for which Somersetshire

has long been famous. It is a county notable for the seats and mansions of the great and the houses of the gentry. Within a few miles are Longleat, the stately house of the Marquess of Bath; Witham Park, belonging to the Duke of Somerset; Marston House, the seat of the Earl of Cork and Orrery; Mells Park, Babington House, Standerwick Court, Berkley House, and Ammerdown, besides others. Thus Orchardleigh is in goodly company in this part of the Western shire.

In Domesday the place is spoken of as Horcerlei, obviously the attempt of some Norman surveyor to render its name correctly. Three thanes had held it in the reign of King Edward, but it had then fallen into the capacious hands of the famous Geoffrey, Bishop of Coutances. It returned to the Crown, and in the time of Henry II. was held of the King in capite, by the service of a knight's fee, by Henry de Cultura, or Colthurst. Robert de Cultura, and Ralph and Henry of the same, followed, and in the reign of Edward I. the place was conveyed to Sir Henry de Merlaund. Two other Henrys of the same family next possessed it, of whom the last was a knight of prowess and a warrior of fame in the fighting times of Edward III. His son John seems to have been the last







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of his race to hold Orchardleigh. However this may have been, William Romsey held the place in the reign of Edward VI., to whom succeeded two others of his family. The cousin and heir of the last of them was Joan, wife of Thomas Paine, but the lady afterwards married Henry Champneys, descended from an ancient and honourable house, whose descendant, Thomas Champneys, was made a Baronet in the seventh year of George III. The Champneys remained in possession of Orchardleigh for about 300 years. Memorials of several of them are in the church, and the shell of the old mansion in which they dwelt still remains in the hollow.

The present mansion, a stately edifice in the Elizabethan style, was erected, in a more elevated situation, by the late William Duckworth, Esq. This gentleman, who was the son of George Duckworth, Esq., of Musbury and Over Darwen, Lancashire, bought the estate in 1855, and showed excellent taste in the character of his house and grounds. Not many places in England have such a territorial situation. Few are the parks that are practically parishes, and not many the parishes whose inhabitants make so small a show at the polls. There are some advantages and pleasures in such a state of things. The possessor of Orchardleigh is in a position of paramount authority and respect in his parish, being the sole landowner, and thus truly the squire of the place, which boasts but of a single farmer—at the Long House Farm—named in the county directory. The late Mr. Duckworth recognised the charms and attractions of the



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country. There was a diversity of ground that promised many opportunities. His new mansion should be erected on the hill in a better situation than the old. From this elevated point there were fine views of distant country, including Clay Hill and the Wiltshire Downs, as well as a rich prospect of the sylvan region around. The site chosen was in the midst of the park of 800 acres, wherein stand many fine elms and other patrician forest trees. Rich masses of foliage should play a large part in the



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GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—ORCHARDLEIGH: THE EAST TERRACE.

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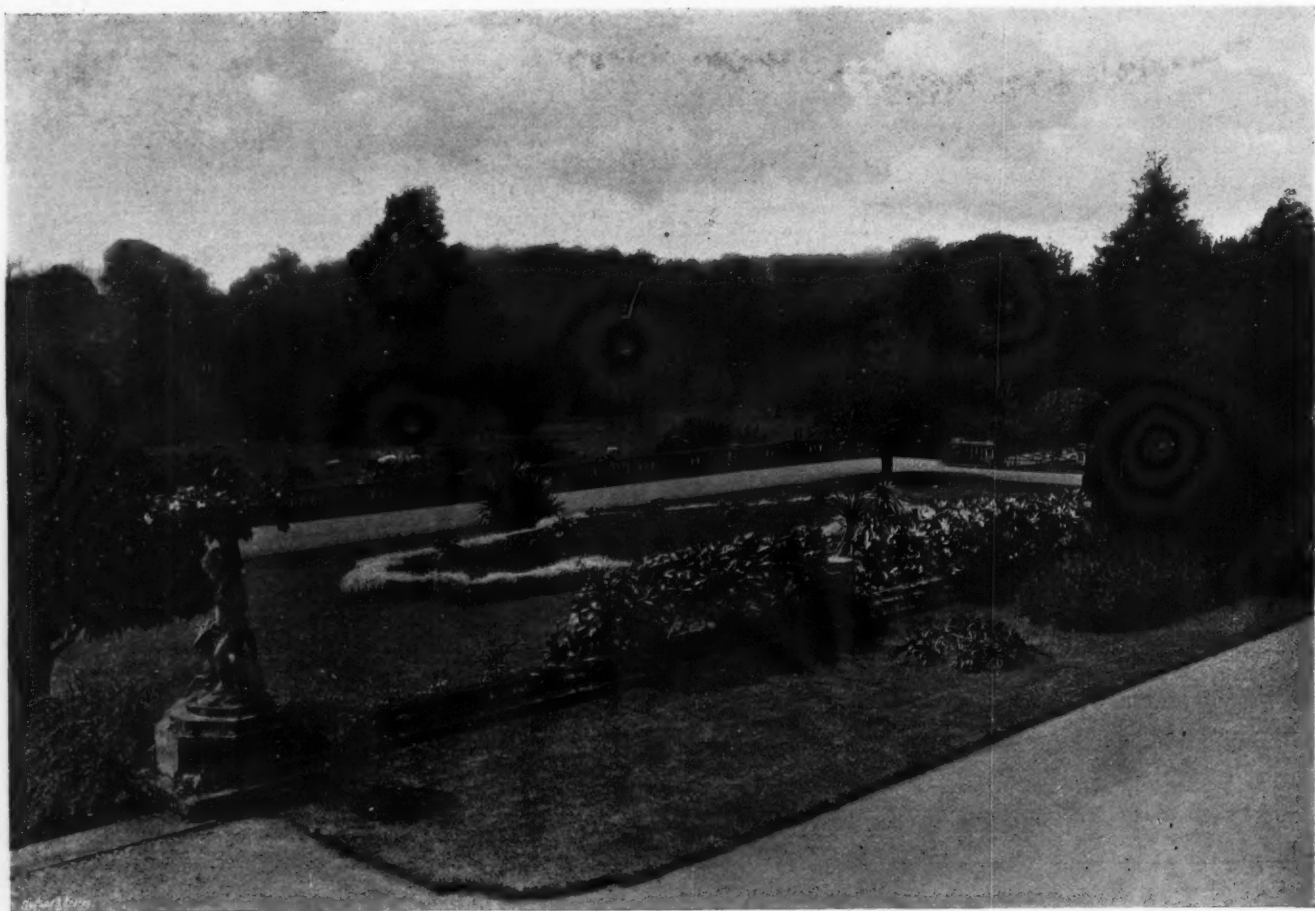
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landscape, and there were ancient giants of the wood which should give both shade and dignity. Then the position chosen had the advantage that on every side there were slopes, and that thus beautiful terraces might be formed. The declivities were gentle, and the character should be of broad terracing, with lawns and woodland reaches.

But the house, of course, would be the central feature, and here Mr. Duckworth displayed an excellent judgment and discrimination. His mansion arose in the gabled style which is described as Elizabethan, though it is a modern adaptation of the old English character, and no observer of architectural tendencies could assign the house at Orchardleigh Park to any century earlier than the nineteenth. To say this is not in any way to disparage the structure, of which the merits are indeed conspicuous. The lofty gables, bold chimneys, pinnacles, and bay windows, with considerable quaintness in design, make an excellent grouping. Beautiful work in the matter of mouldings, crests, finials, and other details add to the charm. From



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THE FLOWER-COVERED BALCONY.

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The advantage of situation is thus demonstrated, and like prospects greet the eye in other directions. In some places the trees approach nearer, and delight by the nobility of their form and the variety of their foliage. Everywhere the stonework is excellent, and the perforated barrier walls are admirable. There are magnificent vistas, and in exploring the beauties of the garden it is delightful to find some pergola, as if from sunny Italy, giving shelter by the way, and affording support to many growing things. A wealth of floral enrichment provides both colour and fragrance, and from the early days of spring until the last winds of autumn have blown the gardens are full of attraction. And when the deciduous trees have shed their leaves, an abundance of evergreens is there to make the winter verdant.

The beauties of the park have been suggested. Here are no empty levels of turf or wide and tasteless expanses; witness the extraordinary richness of the foliage, and the remarkable splendour of individual trees and of the larger masses of woodland. The park, thus diversified in its 800 acres, has an extent from lodge to lodge of some two and a-half miles. The great

lake, with an expanse of about twenty-four acres, is one of the glories of the place, and the landscape, with wood, water, and



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the point of view from which the edifice is regarded in these pages, we are to observe how admirably it falls into its surroundings, how grand wistaria clothes the frontage with floral beauty, how ivy and other clinging growths vest parts of the structure without concealing a single architectural feature, and how graciously the gardens and woods enter into the picture. The house at Orchardleigh, like the Tusculan villa of the younger Pliny, is so advantageously situated that it commands a full view of all the country round, and it might be said almost of it, also, that it is approached by so insensible a rise that you find yourself upon an eminence without perceiving you have ascended. The terraced character, however, forbids the illusion. How beautiful is the treatment will be seen in one of our pictures, where the outlook from the terrace, or balcony, in front of the house, is seen, with its well-gravelled paths, and green expanses of turf terminated by dividing walls, with aloes and floral triumphs in choice vases, beyond which the eye rests with satisfaction upon a range of the park and a beautiful belt of trees.



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A PERGOLA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

meadow, is most beautiful. Another notable feature of the park is the ancient church of Orchardleigh, which stands embowered amid foliage. It is a small edifice, as might be expected in so inconsiderable a parish, but it is very beautiful, and is mainly in the Early English style, with chancel, nave, transept, south porch, and a turret on the north side. The monuments of the Champneys of Orchardleigh are, as has been said, within. Through the instrumentality and generosity of Mr. Duckworth the church, of which the dedication seems to be unknown, was restored under the care of Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., in 1879, the cost of the work being nearly £2,700.

It will be noticed that there is something distinctive in the character of Orchardleigh. Seclusion and great beauty have marked the place for their own. An indefinable English charm is found there. The *genus loci* is national. A breath of the South may seem to have suggested a nude cupid on his pedestal, or the turn of a pergola, but the spirit is that which belongs to the English shires. Fortunate it is, as an ancient dwelling-place of substantial men, in its regeneration to the state in which it stands, and rich is it in



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the glory of its green and beautiful surroundings. Long may change be averted from places such as Orchardleigh.

## BOOKS IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

IN common with books of ephemeral interest—the batch of new novels, for instance, sent down by rail from the circulating library—there are certain classes of books that appear to make themselves more thoroughly at home in country houses than elsewhere. This is due, perhaps, to the nature of the surroundings, the kind of life led by the well-to-do

in rural districts, and very probably in no small degree to the force of example. In towns life is more fleeting; the whirl of excitement engenders change, and yet again change. The book bought to-day has no abiding place, its occupancy of the shelf is practically measured by the existence of its possessor. When he dies it is hurried off with others to the auction rooms and knocked



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down for perhaps the twentieth time with what seems uncommonly like indecent haste. In the country this is not so, at any rate not to the same extent, and there are plenty of libraries there which are still intact, though a hundred years have passed since their founders began to gather together a few books to lighten the monotony of the long winter evenings, when the rain driven out of the darkness beats against the casement, and, as old Maturin would have said, "The wind rumbling itself to sleep in the recess of the chimney." Some, but not many, are older still. Between the town and the country there is, in these matters, a great gulf fixed. The kind of library is different, so different that an expert will tell you at a glance from which side it comes, and whether it has been got together by a single person or by two or more. This, at first sight, seems clever, but is not; it is simply the natural result of ordinary experience. As a rule the connoisseur lives in or near a town, his books, though not necessarily new, are at any rate comparative strangers to him, and he knows he cannot hold them long. In the country, people are not connoisseurs—as a rule; they receive what their fathers and grandfathers left them with a stoical indifference, nor are they always looking to the rise of the market, as though books were stocks and shares, to be made the most of at the earliest opportunity. Many, not to say most, of these country libraries are accumulations that time has glorified, and not a few of them are remarkable for their strange diversity, the manner in which they are arranged, and the air of antiquity that broods over them. No magnificent bindings here; as they were when first garnered, so they are now, and will be to the end. Sometimes, when the report of a great London sale, with its tale of "record prices," goes the round of the Press, a book here and there may be singled out and despatched as being too costly to keep. It is the way of the world now that the iron horse and the telegraph have broken in upon the old order of things, and money has become of little or no account when compared with an undoubtedly genuine rarity of the first rank. Taken for all in all, however, the country library is more secure, more diversified, and quite different from its prototype of the town. It is also more interesting, if not so valuable. One of these libraries may be shortly described as typical of many more. It was founded in or about the year 1800 by the grandfather of the present owner, whose father added to it, as he himself has done. The grandfather appears to have been a jovial blade, with a predilection to sports of the field. You can tell at what period he began to collect and when he left off, and can trace his influence right down to the present day.

The character of the library has changed with each generation, but only because circumstances are different. The books are of the same kind, but not by the same class of writers; they reflect the various phases of society with the fidelity of a mirror, and there is no need to ask the owner when this or that book was acquired or by whom. For instance, the grandfather gathered together a considerable number of books which were seen in many places a hundred years ago, and were not then thought very much of. They were suitable and standard works of a special kind, sought after for that and no other reason. Now they are curiosities, and as such bring large sums of money whenever they are offered for sale, which is not often. The choicest possession in this library is a good copy of the first edition of Walton's "Compleat Angler," 1653, which, as a note on the cover informs us, was bought in 1808 for £3 5s. That was about its value then; it would sell at Sotheby's for quite £500 now, as it is in the original vellum cover, and clean. Then there are Leonard Mascall's "Booke of Fishing with a Hooke and Line," 1590, worth from £25 to £30, Cheetham's "Angler's Vade Mecum," 1681, Charles Cotton's "Compleat Angler," 1676, Colonel Robert Venables's "Experienced Angler," 1662, Christopher Wase's "Cynegeticon, or the Art of Hunting," 1654, and

three or four copies of "The Gentleman's Recreation," by Nicholas Cox, all of the seventeenth century. None of these books are of equal importance with "the fisherman's Bible" already named, but not one would be got for £5 in any single instance, unless it be in the case of the "Cynegeticon." Old books on fishing, hunting, or any other sport are "up" with a vengeance now; the search for them never slackens. Such trifles even as "The True Art of Angling," written by one "S. J.," and published in 1696 at 6d., will sell readily enough for £5. The published price of these books has nothing to do with their present value. Old Isaac's "Compleat Angler" was published at 1s. 6d. If some far-seeing ancestor had laid in a stock against the day when "houses and lands are gone and spent," as the old song has it, what an object of interest his present-day descendant would have been. But then no one, however discreet, could have had any idea that so much would one day be offered for what cost so little, and could be bought anywhere. In all old libraries in which professions of sport are manifest books of this kind are found. Walton has gone, it is true—to America, probably, seduced by gold. In 1821 fresh ideas of sport were disseminated by Pierce Egan and his school, and the grandfather lived just long enough to revel in the delights of "Life

in London," "Real Life in London," "Life in Ireland," "Life in Paris," and other books of a similar kind, illustrated with fiery-coloured plates by Cruikshank and his imitators. "Life in London" was first published in 1821, and a clean copy in boards as issued costs about £15, or as much again when on large paper. Its appearance made a tremendous sensation; little boys sang "Tom and Jerry, Tom and Jerry" in the streets, and songs, parodies, duets, and choruses, founded on the experiences of the sportsmen of the new school, were encored nightly at Sadler's Wells, Davis's Royal Amphitheatre, and other places of popular resort. Books like Hope's "Compleat Fencing Master" and Egan's "Boxiana" sprang at a bound into favour, and anything about badger-drawing and cock-fighting was in great request. Sport at this epoch consisted in dog-worrying, prize-fighting, gambling, attending executions at Newgate, and night prowling about Drury Lane, where it was accounted the thing to treat decrepit outcasts to blue ruin—i.e. gin—till they dropped down insensible. These were mad, frolicsome days and nights, but they did not last. Egan lived long enough to see a great change, for he died in Pentonville so late as 1849. Sport is of two kinds—tame and wild; the latter sort had a merry run when George IV. was King, but police regulations and other drastic measures were too much



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for it. It is scotched, however, not killed. Every now and again it breaks out, and at this day there are no books that sell more quickly than those with coloured plates which recount the doings of Tom and Jerry and their crew. Surtees came later—in 1838—and by this time the details of sporting life had undergone a radical change. Surtees had more wit and less vulgarity than Egan. Mr. John Jorrocks, "a fox-hunter, a shooter, and a grocer," is vulgar enough, it is true, but his conduct shows a lamentable falling away from tradition—he is the mere shadow of "Jerry Hawthorn, Esq.," not to be mentioned in the same breath. There is a full set of the original editions of Surtees's novels in the library of which I speak. They were collected by the second owner, who had in some cases thoughtfully added copies of the later editions, on account of the coloured illustrations, then added for the first time. And these books, too, are rapidly advancing in price. "Handley Cross, or Mr. Jorrocks's Hunt," 1854, will cost £7 or £8, as against £2 10s. five years ago, and "Plain or Ringlets," 1860, almost as much. It may be safely assumed that all books of this class, and especially those having coloured plates, will be worth much more in the near future than they are now. The days they extol are gone; nothing is left but the memory of them, yet that memory is green. The spirit is willing, but the opportunity is lacking as

to quite modern books of the sporting class; of those which are being added occasionally to the library of which we speak, it is difficult to say anything, except that they reproduce in better form and with much greater experience the standard works of the seventeenth century. They are sober, precise, often practical, and as harmless as "Barker's Delight." Some have already had their day, others are perhaps not as fully appreciated as they might be. Time alone will settle this point. If there is any truth at all in the old adage that "history repeats itself," they will not be sought after to any great extent for about two hundred years. Not in fact till the older works of the same kind become absolutely unprocurable at any price. A word, therefore, to the wise. It were well to hold fast, as in a vice, all works of a sporting or racy character which have any degree of antiquity in their favour, especially if they be illustrated. Many are to be found in the old country libraries, very few in those of the towns. They are becoming more difficult to obtain every year. The public libraries, not merely of this country, but of all English-speaking localities, are fast absorbing them all, and very soon there will be nothing left for you and I to read but reprints.

J. H. SLATER.

## AT THE SIGN . . . OF THE ANGLE.

"IT has occurred to me," said Professor Fleg, president of our little angling club, "how interesting it would be if some skilful writer, experienced in the ways of salmon—I might be permitted, perhaps, to propose the notion to the consideration of Sir Edward Grey or Sir Herbert Maxwell—would write for us something analogous to the Badminton treatise on fishing, with just this slight difference in the point of view, that it shall be written in the interest and from the standpoint of the fish, instead of that of the angler. Does the idea not commend itself to you as a pleasant one?"

As the president beamed round upon the club with his engaging smile while he posed the question, there was but one answer possible, namely, that any notion proposed by a man of his learning and courtesy could not fail to please. "In that case," pursued the Professor, who, it is not to be doubted, had foreseen this answer, "I will intrude upon your patience by directing your attention to a few *prolegomena*, as I may call them."

"Is that Latin for May-fly?" Bob Burscough interrupted, but was hushed to silence by the outraged sense of propriety of the club.

"Prolegomena, my dear sir, or introduction," said the Professor, with his own bland and unfailing courtesy, "to some such treatise. It purports to be indited 'by the Most Noble the Marquis of Salmo Salar, with contributions by the Right Honourable the Game fish Trout and Grayling, and a chapter on ground baits, by the commoner or coarse fish, Messrs. Tench and Bream.' With your kind permission I will now read you a few pages of my remarks."

"It is not to be doubted," began the Professor, "by any right-minded and well-conditioned salmon or other game fish, that of all the sports which the water contains for our edification, the most interesting and exciting is the capture of the artificial fly. What, I would ask my gentle and sympathetic reader, can inspire a more thrilling emotion, as one arrives fresh from the salt water with the rich curd lying plentifully in every flake of one's body, and disports one's self in the first pool of pleasant proportions in the river, than to see, floating over one, with quick darts and that singular motion, so utterly unlike anything that we observe in nature, one of these comparatively small and yet powerful confections of gay plumes and sharp pointed iron bodies that we agree for convention's sake to call flies? In the whole range of sport, whether herring-catching in the deep sea, snatching the shrimp or prawn in shallow water, or what you please, I will defy any salmon, aye, or any game fish that you may name, to point to one that is more exciting than this. It is to be said at the outset that among the most entrancing features of this sport is to be reckoned the fact that it is attended with a not inconsiderable element of danger. What sport, I would ask you, worthy of the name, can be mentioned in which some slight flavour of danger does not occur? It is like the piquancy added to the taste of the first prawn of the season when we find him, to our delight, enhanced by the addition of a small quantity of roe. And yet the danger, believe me, is by no means so great as the uninitiated may be apt to fancy. One does not like to boast, or wax egotistical over the contemplation of one's own trophies, but I may tell my readers that even I, who do not aspire to be reckoned among the highest experts at the fascinating sport of catching the artificial fly, have a very considerable collection at home, under a large stone in the neighbourhood of the Cat-Holes

Pool on the River Tay, which I shall be proud to show to any salmon or sea trout ascending that river. I have two or three remarkably fine specimens of the Jock Scott, one or two of the Silver Doctor that I have taken when the water has happened to be rather thick and muddy, and I may mention that I have been exceptionally fortunate in capturing three or four Dusty Millers towards the close of the day. I do not mean to pretend that in course of these captures I have not now and again run into considerable risks, and occasionally have suffered bitter disappointments; but I am alive and well to tell the tale, and am far more than compensated for any little danger I may have incurred by the excitement of the sport at the time, and by the satisfaction with which I am now able to contemplate my museum of trophies and fight my battles over again. For my own part, I have never seriously engaged in the sport of taking what we call the "spoon" nor the artificial minnow. No doubt it is a pastime that has its votaries, and very handsome the trophies look when arranged with a collection of the flies in a suitable shelf of rock; but, personally, I have never deemed the game to be worth the candle, as our lively neighbours in the Rhine would phrase it. The danger is excessive, and in my opinion it is a sport that should only be undertaken when you are fairly certain of being able to pass the attachment of the spoon or minnow, which we call the "gut," over a ledge of sharp rock, which is fairly certain to sever it. Under all other conditions I deem the dangers of this form of sport too great, and therefore I will only thus refer to it in passing, reserving a fuller description for the methods to be followed when engaged in the taking of the ordinary fly. One other department of the sport there is which I should refer to briefly, and that is the capture of the prawn in fresh water. I do not fancy it. It is a sport that fails to have any attraction when one comes up fresh from the sea, and one finds no pleasure in it except when one's appetite is jaded and spirits are at their lowest ebb. A good sport-salmon, in my opinion, will despise the prawn, and leave him to the consumption of eels, or other unfortunate creatures that hardly are worthy of the name of fish. My first piece of instruction to the tyro in this fascinating sport would be that he should make careful study before attempting to possess himself of the trophy that he sees passing over him in the water, of the nature and strength of its attachment to the human organism, with which there is every reason to believe it is connected. The object of that singular animal, man, in thus sending out these creations of his abortive fins over the water remains matter of curious conjecture. Some there be who would have it that his purpose is actually the catching of salmon—a proposition manifestly absurd, in my humble judgment, seeing that man unfortunately is only too well acquainted with an infinitely more deadly means of capturing us, in those engines resembling gigantic webs of spiders, with which he sweeps the rivers and the estuaries. In my opinion, the object of this animal, which is known to be the most curious and inquisitive of creatures (a failing which some salmon of science affirm to be even more strongly marked in the female of its kind), in throwing out these things across the water, is to measure, by some means which in the imperfect state of our science is not yet understood, the velocity of the current. Be that how it may, the singular object, which we term, for the sake of giving it a name, a fly, is ever attached by a filament to a pliant rod held in the abortive pectoral fins of the man, to which rod is affixed a wheel which, I have little doubt, records in some manner the velocity of the water's movement. Obviously, when this filament is of considerable stoutness, it is extremely hazardous to strive to tear the fly away from it, or to snap the filament itself in twain. I may mention that several dear and gallant friends of my own have been lost in the foolhardy attempt.

"But having well considered the tenuity of the attaching filament, and being convinced that the snapping of it is within the scope of well-directed effort, the first object is to seize hold of the fly in such a manner that the point of the iron body may be received on the hard gristle and bone of the mouth, where it is absolutely painless. Any bungling at this initial stage may be the occasion of much discomfort throughout the succeeding conflict. We will imagine, if you please, that this first difficulty has been successfully overcome; it remains then, with the purchase of the iron thus firmly fixed against the bone, to snap the attaching filament. Now this would be a matter exceedingly easy of accomplishment if the filament itself were of an unyielding or rigid nature. But, far from that, the elasticity of the filament appears, as far as our finite means of measuring it goes, to be practically infinite. Nevertheless, it is sometimes possible for a very skilful sport-salmon to snap it in twain at the very first moment of affixing the iron point to the jaw by a very quick and dexterous rush and spring. If this first means fails we must resort to more patient tactics. Doubtless a long run down the river at best speed is a method of increasing the fragility of the elastic filament, but it is a method that is highly exhausting and should be attempted only at the beginning of the engagement, when one's gills, fins, and tail are in good working order. For my own part I believe the wisest method



to be this (always supposing that there be no convenient edge of rock across which we may take the filament and so cut it in two almost to a certainty), to run a short distance down the stream, then make a swift dart across the current, and, springing in the air, endeavour to fall back on the water across the highly stretched filament. There are a few very skilful sport-salmon of my acquaintance who have reduced the stroke to something so like a certainty that it hardly ever fails, and such adepts would

despise the simple and vulgar method of cutting the filament on a rock as altogether unsport-salmonlike and beneath their notice.

"That," said the Professor, folding the paper from which he had been reading, "is as far as I have sketched my prolegomena on the subject at present. On some future evening it may be my pleasant task to read, if you will favour me with your further attention, some remarks on the tactics to be pursued in case those that have been already described should prove a failure."

## PHEASANT SHOOTING AT HIGHCLERE.—I.

IT is almost possible to divide game-keepers into two classes, those that like quantity in a bag and those that like quality. Of course a preference for quantity and quality combined is a common possession of all game-keepers. The "quantity" and "quality" are said in respect of the pheasants which they present to the guns. There are some keepers whose great idea is to see an immense head of game killed, without any regard to the skill shown and sport given in the killing of it. If the wishes of these deluded men are followed, the guns will be posted tight up



W. A. Rouch.

THE HOUSE PARTY.

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against the covert sides, so that the poor pheasant has no chance of rising to any height before he is shot; the poor shooters can feel very little pleasure in their own skill that brings such a bird to bag, and the poor cook no satisfaction in dressing for the table the mangled body so plentifully peppered by the leaden pellets. On the other hand, there are keepers who know a great deal better. They have the courage to resist the temptation that is held out by the prospect of seeing the bag made in their

coverts mentioned with applause by the local and other papers. The fact is that no applause ought to be given to the bare figures



W. A. Rouch.

NO TIME TO WASTE.

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of a bag. We ought to wait till we know the conditions under which it was made, whether the birds were high and fast, whether it was an affair of artistic shooting or of butcher's work. A keeper who will put a thousand fast and high-flying birds over the guns is better than one who will show them a couple of thousand of low-flying sluggards. Of course the conclusion of the matter is very far indeed from being wholly in the hands of the keeper or of his master. The lie of the ground and the disposition of the coverts is far the biggest factor in the result. But unless the ideals of the man who posts the guns are right and sportsmanlike, the very best natural advantages are thrown away. The keeper ought to have it as his maxim that a sportsman worthy of his salt will prefer to miss a high bird to killing a low one, and we may perhaps be not presumptuous altogether in the hope that some of our articles and illustrations in *COUNTRY LIFE* have helped, by these best of precepts given by the best examples, in educating the general opinion in the right direction. The time has perhaps passed when the non-shooting public used to denounce the driving of pheasants to guns posted ahead as an unsportsmanlike way of killing birds; and in any case the non-shooting public do not count for a great deal in this connection. But there still are some of the shooting public that may not have passed such standards as are set by the kind of shooting of which our illustrations of two days in Lord Carnarvon's coverts at Highclere give representations. This short homily on the qualities of the keeper is not made solely in the interests of the public education, but also to give occasion for a word on the merits of the Highclere keeper,



W. A. Rouch.

## STILL A FEW LEFT.

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Henry Maber, originally a Dorsetshire man, who came to Lord Carnarvon from the Duke of Grafton's at Euston. Game-

keeping is an inherited faculty of the Maber family in their native Dorsetshire. There is no keeper but likes to see his game, that he has taken so much pains in rearing and bringing to the guns, killed, and well killed; and a special merit of Maber is that he is as keen and energetic on the small days as on the big, but yet will not sacrifice the shooting to his desire to see the birds in the bag. At all the corners at Highclere, especially at the famous stand called the Beeches, the birds come high. Of course, the keeper is what his master,



W. A. Rouch.

## QUICK CHANGE.

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under Providence, makes him, and the ideals of the keeper as to the height that pheasants should be put over the guns are

likely to be always a little lower than the ideals of the master. It behoves the latter, therefore, to keep these high. And, after all, in the great shooting counties the land is generally flat, and it scarcely is possible to put pheasants over guns at such a height that they are out of range. Indeed, we hear it soberly argued in these counties whether a pheasant going straight over the head of a gun ever is so high as to be out of range. It would be interesting to take these academic disputants to certain valleys in the West Country and in Wales, where the pheasant passing overhead has all the appearance of a long-tailed tit, save that he looks smaller, and to fire at him would be an absurdity.

For the present, however, we are not in the beautiful surroundings of the West Country nor of Wales, nor yet, on the other hand, in the great game counties, comparatively unromantic, but superlatively stocked with all that makes the heart of the shooter to rejoice. The present article deals, so far as it



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## LORD CARNARVON.

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does deal and does not ramble, with the second day of a three days' shooting with Lord Carnarvon at Easton Park, Highclere Wood, and the Beeches. This Highclere Castle, built by the same architect as, and in similar style to, the Houses of Parliament, stands on the high ground about five miles from Newbury. The castle is finely situated in a park of beautiful timber. The celebrated Kingsclere training stables are at five miles distance, across the Berkshire Downs. It is a delightful country of extended views, of keen winds, and of strong and high-flying birds.

On the first day, November 26th, six guns killed a total of 1,283 head, of which 791 were pheasants. On this day there was also killed the large proportion of 82 hares. The second day was rather in the nature of some general and preparatory work for the final *dénouement* of the third and biggest day in the park. On this second day, in Highclere Wood, were killed 717 head, of which number 625 were pheasants. On the final day, of which some more special notice will be made in the second part of these observations, 1,528 total head were killed, and of them 1,442 were pheasants. The guns were the same on all three days, except that Mr. Rutherford did not shoot on the second day. On the other days they were Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh, Prince F. Dhuleep Singh, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Ashburton, Mr. A. B. Portman, and Mr. J. A. Rutherford. Our illustrations show the house party, including Princess Victor Dhuleep Singh, Lady Ashburton, and the hostess, Lady Carnarvon. Then there is Lord Carnarvon, ready for action. The famous Beeches Corner, from the Temple (an illustration that ought more strictly, if such strictness were important, to go with the third day's account), forms the subject of another photograph. Then there are two pictures of Highclere Wood, of which one shows a shooter waiting outside the wood, and another is of a gun shooting

more than a little the height both of tree and of pheasant. Of course, birds sometimes will decline to top high trees, and prefer to scud beneath them. That, however, is mainly a matter of the position of the covert from which they are flushed, and that again depends largely on a judicious disposition of nets, stops, and beaters, all lying within the jurisdiction of the judicious Henry Maber. At Lord Carnarvon's, birds do not scud between tree



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## RABBIT FORWARD.

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stems, but do rise above tree tops. *O si sic omnes!* Why were we not born 50 years later, when all keepers shall be men of science in their craft, and all coverts be scientifically planted? It is, of course, entirely due to the kind courtesy of Lord Carnarvon, and to the facilities that he offered to our photographer, that we are able to give these pictures of the shooting at Highclere. The shooting on the third day, of which we hope to give illustrations next week, was heavier, and most interesting. The biggest rise of the day was at the corner of Highclere Wood, as shown in the illustrations, where Lord Ashburton and Prince Victor Dhuleep

Singh in the centre had the largest share of the shooting. Lord Carnarvon was back with the beaters, Mr. Portman left of the heading guns, and Prince Frederick on the right. There should have been many more birds at this corner; but a great many of them broke away to Mr. Portman's left over a meadow, without coming to the guns at all. Of course, the reason was the usual one—a stop was not where he ought to have been. Does one ever go through a day's shooting without finding that a stop is missing somewhere at some time, and exactly at the place and time where and when he is wanted most? Such sin of absence, however, is better than his presence where he ought not to be present—coming forward with the ground game, as we sometimes see him, offering himself to be shot. In conclusion, we would venture to point out one considerable advantage that the courtesy of great landowners like Lord Ashburton and Lord Carnarvon, and others to follow,



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## LAYING OUT THE PICK-UP.

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have enabled us to enjoy. They have afforded to us the opportunity of exhibiting a gallery of portraits of something more than a selection of the finest shots in the world performing with neatness and despatch the difficult operations of heavy shooting. Be it said, in justice to our photographer, though we hardly deem that his pictures need the apology, the day was a dark one even for November, and his stops were no less a trouble to him

at a rabbit forward in Highclere Wood itself. There is the quick change of the guns, as the birds begin to come fast and furious, and the final act of laying out the bag. In all these pictures the height of the trees over which the birds are coming, or are expected to come, is a feature. Naturally, high trees go to make high birds. If birds come over high trees they are bound to be high, although the pheasant shooter is very apt to exaggerate

than to the shooters. On the following day, the day of the big shoot, the light was far more favourable to quick shooting with every kind of weapon.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### THE HUMAN HERON.

THESE is a great deal of human nature in a heron. He looks quaintly like a shrunken old man as he sits, shrug-shouldered, by the edge of the water, "thinking o' mostly nowt"; and when he sees you coming in the distance, he suddenly raises a curiously large white face, suggesting a startled human being. But the human aspect of the heron which has impressed me lately has been his persistence in occupying my favourite seat. When the north wind blows over Norfolk uplands it is well to keep moving, as a rule; but the other day I enlarged for myself a cosy nook on a southward slope, with a straggling hedge overhead and a heap of clean sand, that the rabbits had piled outside a burrow in the hedge, to sit upon. Here one could enjoy what sun there might be and sit secure from the wind, watching the wild life of the valley below with its heron-haunted trout stream and the noble sweep of the wood, over whose fringe kestrels are almost always hovering.

### COMPETITION FOR A SEAT.

Next day, as the north wind still blew, I went to occupy my nook again, and lo! from a distance I could see that it was already occupied, by a slim grey figure with its head sunk between its shoulders. For some time I, standing out in the cold, watched the heron sitting there in comfort; but as he did nothing but enjoy himself, I advanced and he had to quit. Next time I went, however, he was there again, and no doubt he keenly resents my occupation of the only comfortable seat in the place; for he always returns after very short intervals of absence to reconnoitre the disputed territory from a distance. In strict justice, no doubt, the place belongs to neither of us, but to the rabbits who piled up the clean sand; and it must be both annoying and alarming for them to have the outlook from their front door blocked by alternate back views of a heron and a man. "*Sic vos non vobis*" might be quoted pointedly to those rabbits.

### KESTRELS IN WINTER.

Watching the kestrels soaring above the wood, now and then dropping like stones behind the trees, one could not help thinking that in this bleak and open country they must eat more small birds in winter than is usually supposed. There are no beetles or cockchafer and no frogs or lizards moving. The moles rarely appear above ground, and for days together no mice appear to venture forth. Yet the kestrel must eat. And in this connection it is noticeable that the small birds round us seem to fear the kestrels in winter. In the summer these little falcons come and go to their nest, bringing plenteous supplies of insects and vermin to their young, and none of the small birds which have their nests also close by exhibit any alarm. But in winter the appearance of a kestrel causes widespread panic among the larks, finches, and sparrows in the stubble or clover fields.

### EVIDENCE OF CRIME.

A hawk, moreover, is one of those objects of the country-side that can never be concealed. If his flight does not arrest the eye, the terror of small birds in the open and the tumultuous chattering of those that have taken safe shelter draw attention to the hateful presence at once. And, when the bird-eating hawks are about the neighbourhood, we find frequent traces of their presence in clean-picked breastbones, with wings attached, of peewit and golden plover, or the scattered remnants of a meal of missel-thrush. But sometimes weeks may pass without any other hawk being seen but the kestrels, which are visible daily; and yet all the while we find on every country ramble those patches of little feathers which show where some small bird has been eaten. Are these the kestrels' handiwork?

### SENSELESS SLAUGHTER.

Still, whether kestrels habitually eat small birds in winter or not, certainly in summer they prey upon beetles and small reptiles and vermin. Occasionally a female kestrel will acquire a pernicious taste for young pheasant; and such birds the gamekeeper should rightly mark down and destroy, brood and all, for it is more than probable that the young would inherit the depraved parent's taste. But nothing will palliate the folly, which so many keepers proudly perpetrate, of clearing off all the kestrels from an estate. Yet within a mile and a-half of the spot where I was watching the kestrels, but on another estate, is a keeper's museum with nine dead kestrels—and a barn owl!—hanging in it. And the employer of this keeper, who so actively encourages the multiplication of rats and mice, farms the land himself!

### MOORHENS OLD AND YOUNG.

Moorhens seem to have no fear at all of a kestrel, although the peewits may all lift from a field while it passes, and a lark which happens to cross its path goes squealing aloft as though it had seen a merlin. A family of moorhens, on the other hand, were quietly feeding in the grass when a kestrel passed low overhead, but not one of them seemed even to look up. Parent moorhens attend to their young longer than most birds, and even in midwinter there is conspicuous difference between the old and young. Not only are the latter considerably smaller, and unadorned with the sealing-wax nose-piece and red garters which distinguish their parents, but their general colour also appears to be uniformly dark. They attend very closely upon their parent, who feeds them as a hen



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BEECHES CORNER, FROM THE TEMPLE.

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does chickens. When an alarm is given the young are almost quicker than their parents in taking cover, though it is difficult to distinguish between movements that are all almost as prompt as the snap-shot of a camera.

### THE UNLUCKY DABCHICK.

But for lightning speed in taking alarm and acting upon it, commend me to the dabchick. Every autumn a few of these queer little birds come to the trout stream, and presumably manage to elude their enemies by diving into the water weeds. This year, however, a wholesale clearance of the weeds has been effected, and the poor little dabchicks have fallen easy victims to the village lads, who call them "didoppers," and catch them for the sake of their beautifully silky breasts, not very inferior to the "grebe" of commerce. In a clear shallow stream the dabchick has little chance of escape when there is a boy on each bank. For, though he dives so quickly that I have often seen him disappear under water before the whimper of the redshank, which warned him of danger, reached my ears, what is the use of this when a wave of the shallow water follows his movements below, where he can plainly be seen swimming madly to and fro, round and round, in vain search for cover. In the end, he generally plunges into a water-vole's hole, whence he is easily extracted.

### AIDS TO SWIMMING.

At such times the dabchick looks more like a great water beetle or a long-nosed frog than a bird; for, like a diving cormorant, he is silvered all over with air-bubbles under water, and swims with simultaneous sideways strokes of his legs, which with their great lobed toes look disproportionately large. This frog-like action of the dabchick in swimming shows that the species has always haunted shallow water for safety, the outward stroke enabling it to swim at a great pace in water scarcely 4 in. deep without disturbing the mud. And if you examine its legs you will see that they are flattened out from front to back, so as to cut through the water like a knife blade, while the scales down the back have sharp points making a serrated edge, which must be of immense use to the bird in giving it purchase against the slippery water weeds through which it often has to force its way. But for this arrangement, the long legs and lobed feet would be in danger of entanglement at every stroke, whereas with these the bird can get such a grip of the weeds behind as to drive its body, with neck and beak stretched out in front, like a wedge through the weeds in front. E. K. R.

## TWO BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THERE are few authors of our times whose careers I have watched with deeper personal and literary interest than Mr. Seton Merriman has excited in me. The public, from causes which are easily to be understood, seems to have preferred some of his later books to those which came earlier. Facing the title-page is found a list of Mr. Merriman's books, from which it appears that "The Sowers" is in its twenty-first, "In Kedar's Tents" in its eighth, "Roden's Corner" in its third, and "The Isle of Unrest" in its fifth impression. No particulars whatsoever are given concerning "With Edged Tools" and the "Slave of the Lamp," with which Mr. Merriman made his name first—books, moreover, quite equal, if not superior, to any of the rest which preceded "The Velvet Glove." In spite of a suspicion that publishers know their own business best, I venture to suggest that Messrs. Smith, Elder might do a great deal worse than bring out a nice and uniform edition of the complete works of Merriman up to date, and adhere to the same format in the novels to come, which everybody hopes will be many.

Of "The Velvet Glove" it may be said with confidence that it is as good as any of its predecessors. The scene is laid in Spain, the environment being Carlist, Jesuitical and romantic, and the plot is short and strong and clear. It may be stated in a very few words. Francisco de Mogente, a rich man returning from the United States to Saragossa, is wounded to death in a lonely



street at night by ruffians in the hire of Evasio Mon, Jesuit and Carlist agent, and carried still living into a religious house. There he dies, having made a will in favour of his daughter Juanita, who is a pupil in a convent school under the control of Sor Theresa. Count de Sarrion, anti-Carlist and very much anti-Jesuit, has seen the murder from a quiet window in his palace, and he sets himself to work to prevent the Jesuits from inducing or compelling Juanita to take the veil, whereby her great riches would nominally become the property of the Order, but really would be devoted by the Order to the advancement of the cause of Don Carlos. Leon de Mogente, the son of Francisco, completely in the hands of the Jesuits, is of no use to de Sarrion, but rather a hindrance. De Sarrion, therefore, calls down from the Valley of the Wolf, a strange and wild district in the heart of the mountains, his son Marcos, and the living and very lively interest of the book consists in the devices invented, and the perils and adventures gone through, by Marcos in rescuing Juanita from the clutches of the priesthood. The ultimate plan takes the form of a clandestine marriage between Marcos and Juanita, when Marcos is wildly and silently in love, and Juanita is a mere child who regards the marriage as a species of legal fiction, more than half a game, which is to interpose the only possible obstacle between her and holy church. Need it be said that later, after Marcos and Juanita have lived some time in the castle of the Valley of the Wolf, and after Marcos has undergone perils and wounds, Juanita falls in love with him insensibly, and the end is happy?

These are the main outlines of the plot, of which the details are necessarily omitted. But to indicate the thread of the tale is to give only the faintest idea of its life and of its fascination. It absorbs the reader absolutely, because every man and woman in it is emphatically human. De Sarrion, elderly, gentle, grave, and strong, a grandee with some Moorish blood in his veins, is a very distinct type. Still more distinct is his son Marcos, who has lived alone in the Valley of the Wolf, ruling the lawless mountaineers in stern and kindly silence. He is a man of indomitable will, of endless patience, of firm courage, of crystalline honesty, and of impenetrable silence. Evasio Mon, a schemer, is a very fine portrait. "I have known Evasio all my life," said de Sarrion to his son; "I have stood at the edge of that pit, and looked in; I don't know to this day whether there is gold at the bottom, or mud." Evasio, in fact, is one of those men, cursed by no scruples, possessed of absolute self-control, who wear a constant smile as the most effectual of masks. As for Juanita, she is a perfect girl from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, from the moment when one meets her in the nunnery, young, gay, careless, ignorant of the world, and innocent of heart, until that last hour when she betrays the love for Marcos, which has grown up insensibly in her heart. Sor Theresa, again, is noble, and the constant struggle in her mind between the nun who owes absolute obedience to religious superiors, and the kinswoman of de Sarrion, who cannot but feel and act upon her natural affection, and the true woman who in the end revolts from the sordid Jesuitical plot, and helps Juanita to her final escape, is drawn with consummate skill. These are the only characters that matter, although a light and humorous touch is added to the story by the introduction of Cousin Peligros, a wonderful old relation of de Sarrion's, who plays the part of chaperon. She is a pensioner of de Sarrion's, whose home is in Madrid, "where," as she says, "they all come to consult the Señorita de Sarrion upon points of etiquette." Cousin Peligros was a Sarrion, and seemed in some indefinite way to consider that in so being and so existing she placed the world under an obligation. That she considered the world bound in return for the honour she conferred upon it to support her in comfort and deference was a patent fact hardly worth putting into words."

These are the puppets which move on Mr. Merriman's stage, and it is full of action and incident; it shows an acute knowledge of human nature, and it displays that power of creating what for lack of a better name must be called "atmosphere," in which Mr. Merriman is without a rival among his contemporaries. In scene after scene the reader feels like a spectator; he hears the knife "squeak" on the rough cobble stones as Mogente is assassinated; he feels the demure silence of the convent as de Sarrion talks with Sor Theresa and with Juanita. When Juanita and Marcos are talking through a hole in the wall of the convent garden, he seems at one minute to be the light-hearted girl for whom a box of chocolates is all in all, and at the next moment to be the stern and passionate man who curbs his feelings on the other side. At all the interviews between Marcos and his bride the reader has a distinct idea that he is himself present and listening in the flesh. That is Mr. Merriman's greatest gift. His fault is a tendency towards a cynicism—especially in relation to women—which would be more endurable if it were a little more profound. And he really drags in his sneers at a sex, for which there is something to be said, too much by the heels. Why, for example, in writing of Mogente, should he say: "The wrinkles of his face were not those of the social smile which so disfigure faces of women when the smile is no longer wanted?" Attention

is called to this point because in all his books Mr. Merriman is a little too prone to harp with unjust emphasis on this string. His hatred of women, a rule to which it must be confessed that Juanita is a brilliant exception, is however as nothing to his hatred of Jesuits, whom he loathes from the bottom of his strong soul. But, perhaps, after all, Mr. Merriman writes his vital books because he is sincere in all things, a good hater and a good lover, a man whose blood courses as he writes, a man who must say exactly what he thinks.

It is perhaps not altogether to be regretted that Mr. Merriman's novel has in some measure elbowed out what I had to say of "More Letters of Edward Fitzgerald" (Macmillan). For, after all, no reviewer or critic can hope to reproduce the gentle delight of these familiar letters, written by a peculiar and lovable man to his most intimate friends. Taken as a whole, they amount to a portrait and a character sketch of Fitzgerald drawn by himself unconsciously and without self-consciousness, sometimes with an unsparing hand, and always with absolute frankness. Not one of the letters written approaches to the elaboration of an essay, and as one turns over the pages idly, one finds often pressed into a single sentence an estimate of the doings of Fitzgerald's literary contemporaries, which is particularly interesting by reason of its directness and unconventionality. Fitzgerald himself was the most amiable of recluses, of desultory critics, of collectors. Of the beauty of some of his own work he had hardly any idea. He shrank from publication, he felt that his excursions into the realms of literature were things for private circulation among his friends rather than for the world. And of the masterpiece by which the world now knows him he tells us—in these letters at any rate—very little. At Woodbridge, mildly interested in his garden, compelled perforce to take care of his health in the winter, idling about in his lugger during the summer months, he lived almost entirely out of the world. With Professor Cowell, Dr. Aldis Wright, Master Pollock, George Crabbe, Carlyle, Frederick Tennyson, and a few others he kept up a desultory correspondence, mainly concerned with so much of the literary world as he could keep within view by studying the *Athenaeum*, parcels of books from Mudie's, and books sent to him by his friends. But mostly he was reading ancient classics, or busy with Calderon in Spanish or with Persian lore. Occasionally, too, he would go up to London to indulge his taste for collecting pictures and for good music. Frankness was his prevalent characteristic, and his comments on the literature of the day are distinctly entertaining. Of Robert Browning he had but a mean opinion, and of the Browning Societies a poorer opinion still. Tennyson he loved as a man, but as early as 1870 he was quite of opinion that Tennyson had produced all the good poetry that was in him. In a letter to Master Pollock, signed "E. Browningproof" (alluding to "Will Waterproof")—a letter in which he pours scorn on Browning and William Morris alike—he shows us exactly, in a misquotation of Mr. Alfred Austin, his view of Tennyson's poetry: "I read in the *Athenaeum* how a Mr. Austin calls him 'School-miss Alfred,' as Lord Lytton did twenty years ago. All this comes of people only remembering A. T.'s later works: forgetting Locksley Hall, Vision of Sin, Sleeping Palace, Oak, Waterproof, and all the English Pastorals in the two volumes of 1842. Do they smack of the School Miss? But when King Arthur was identified with Prince Albert—and all so moral and artistic, and Ballads about 'my little one, my pretty one sleeps,' then it was all over with him." Dr. Aldis Wright points out that these were not the words of our present Laureate, but of a quotation from a reviewer who placed Tennyson not in the first or second rank of English poets, and not very high in the third. Dr. Wright continues, unkindly, but not unjustly: "It would be interesting to know what lower ranks are reserved for our poets Laureate." So let us leave these letters of Edward Fitzgerald, adding only that the reader will find in them endless indications of personal traits, a quiet admission of an invincible disinclination to exertion—Fitzgerald would rather miss a journey than close up a carpet bag—and a number of quaint and pathetic phrases, some borrowed folklore, others from the sea. One of them is of significant beauty. As Tennyson saw in the phrase "Crossing the Bar" a measure appropriate to his own coming death, so the time came when Fitzgerald wrote that, as sailors say, "he began to smell the ground." The figure is worthy of the true maker of Omar, who surely described himself, and none other, when he wrote:

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument  
About it and about; but evermore  
Came out by that same door where in I went."

CYGNUS.

IT is not, as a rule, in the report of a charge of suicide that one would look for literary humour, but then that witty metropolitan police magistrate, Mr. Plowden, is an exception to all rules. In trying such a charge last week, he seems to have discovered in some way or other that the prisoner was suffering from what might be called "Penny Dreadful mania" on the higher scale. Here is the dialogue: Mr. Plowden: "What books have you been reading lately?" The Prisoner: "Marie Corelli"—(Mr. Plowden: "Ah!")—"Zola, Rider Haggard." Mr. Plowden: "Just the authors I should have guessed—at least, some of them!" Then the prisoner's

father explained that after scarlet fever some years ago his son had gone out of his mind, and since then had read very deeply. Whereupon the unkind Mr. Plowden suggested the substitution of "widely" for "deeply," which makes a great difference. The story is simply delicious, and one can quite imagine the searchings of heart between Miss Marie Corelli, M. Zola, and Mr. Rider Haggard upon the question which one or which two of them Mr. Plowden had in his mind as an honourable exception or exceptions. Clearly at least one of them, in the magistrate's opinion, is a writer provoking to suicide; one of them—I won't say which—is in my individual case an unfailing opiate!

*Tales of the Spanish Main*, by Mowbray Morris (Macmillan), is sound and spirited reading for boys of exactly the kind which the title implies: "The old forecastle theory that there could be no peace beyond the line was in deed, if not in word, as stoutly maintained in the sixteenth as in the seventeenth century; and it is impossible to deny that it has been well for England, and well for the world, that it was so." Those are my sentiments and those of all full-blooded Englishmen who refuse to outgrow their boyhood. They are content not to analyse too closely the motives of the buccaneer, and, with Mr. Eden Philpotts, to believe that "the pirate is different, being rather a beast really."

Messrs. R. H. Bath of Wisbeach are to be congratulated on having issued one of the prettiest and least advertising of almanacks, under the title of "The Procession of the Months." Mr. Walter Crane supplies the black and white illustrations, and the "verses were written by Beatrice Crane when quite a child." They are simple and clever, witness a verse on January:

"And when she puts her foot  
On a stream she wants to pass,  
At once the surface hardens  
Like to a sheet of glass."

To each month are allotted its special flowers; and the whole conceit is dainty and pretty. All garden-lovers should possess themselves of this little work.

*Messieurs les Anglais* (Librairie Ch. D-lagrange) is an exceedingly clever collection of coloured caricatures of English life, which none the less calls for a somewhat proud sense of humour in the Englishman who desires to appreciate it to the full. M. Sergius with the pen and M. Thélem with the brush make fun of us all, and do not spare the feelings of any of us, and the simple recipe for obtaining entertainment out of this book is to enjoy the manner in which types other than our own are placed in the pillory. Not being a policeman, I revel in the caricatures of the Force. For similar reasons, the representation of luncheon bars in the City, of prize-fighters, of Christy minstrels, of jockeys, and all the rest of them please me not a little. And it really does not hurt my feelings that Englishwomen are almost always depicted with the most prodigious feet. On the whole, I find the letterpress amusing, if somewhat vulgar; but it is not to be denied that the drawings are full of wit and power.

All the world has already heard of the latest example of the versatility of that Admirable Crichton, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, in the form of "The Ballads of Mr. Rook," by "G. W." Messrs. Smith, Elder have now brought it out in a volume 17in. by 17in. with some really clever illustrations by the Honourable Mrs. Percy Wyndham. These give one the notion of winter and of birds, with a boldness and plainness of outline and colour distinctly calculated to impress the minds of children. The whole conceit is good, and I like particularly the verses spoken by Mr. Rook after he has built his nest near the house where he found succour in winter—words spoken of the little boy who is one of the twelve grandchildren to whom Mrs. Percy Wyndham dedicates her pictures:

"So shall he learn that love of rooks  
Brings with it its reward,  
And other truths his lesson-books  
Omit from their regard.  
"So shall he learn to love the ways  
Of all who fly and walk.  
And not be led to overpraise  
Of those who write and talk."

*Modern Billiards*, by John Roberts, jun., and others, edited by F. M. Hotine (Pearson), consists roughly of three parts. The beginning, not by Mr. Roberts, is mostly concerned with his exploits; the end contains reports of celebrated matches; but from pages 46 to 254 the champion, with the aid of numerous and clear diagrams, teaches us how to do it as completely as a book may teach. No one, of course, can learn billiards out of a book simply by reading. Steady practice, as Mr. Roberts points out, is absolutely the first essential to success, but the practice to be useful must be based on intelligent principles, and the conviction which this book forces upon the mind of the most amateur of amateurs is that, if he thought it worth while, and if he had the patience, he could easily improve his game 50 in 100 by practising on the lines laid down in this book. It ought to be in every private billiard-room—and probably it will be.

## RACING NOTES.

ARISE, gird up your loins, prepare for battle, come ye out to fight in the good cause, ye sporting writers of all sorts and all kinds, and rest not day nor night to ply the quill or guide the fountain pen or urge the J pen until the open ditch is a thing of the past and no more seen and the air is filled with shouts of praise and thanksgiving for the good men and the good horses who are spared this abomination of desolation. Nothing but death will commend itself to the National Hunt Committee, and it is only when some good horses such as Hidden Mystery give up their lives that the committee deign, for the moment, and for the moment only, to show some little interest in the matter. But Hidden Mystery, good horse as he was, was only one horse, and during the last few days the ghosts and wraiths of no less than five dead horses have been hovering around us, and making mute but eloquent protest against the horrid thing which brought about their untimely fate. The open ditch never was, never is, and never can be, a fair fence, and, as everybody knows, no fence representing this hideous travesty of sport has ever been found in a fair hunting country. Even the evolution, or rather the method by which it was evolved, is faulty and founded upon false premises. Because in an ordinary hunting country many fences are found with the ditch on the take-off side, therefore, say their lordships of the National Hunt, we will excavate and construct a large, capacious grave capable of holding ten

horses and ten men, which shall be not less than 6ft. wide, and deep enough to break a horse's back three times a year, and on the far side we will build a 4ft. 6in. fence of exceeding strength. This we will call a fair hunting fence; but lest any optimist might see in it some resemblance to any fence which he has ever seen, at any time or in any place, before, we will erect a thick white guard-rail, because when horses are travelling at the pace at which modern steeplechases are run they would infallibly all slip into the ditch if there was no rail; and although we do not mind killing a few horses now and again *pour encourager les autres*; we are at the bottom tender-hearted and abhor massacres. And it is in the fact of the pace that the danger lies; a horse is going too fast to collect himself together when he is racing, he trusts to luck and a haphazard spring, he drops short, and—the sound of the gun is heard in the land. Supposing, for the purposes of this argument, for one fraction of a second, that a hunting man met the "open ditch" in the course of a run, and that it was so placed that, wily-nilly, he must brave it, how do you think he would take it? Would he come legging along, hell for leather, whip up, heels down? I think not. Rather, I think, he would allow his clever hunter to come at it at a reasonable pace, give him plenty of time to get his legs well under him, and—land on the other side with the greatest ease. Taken in this way the "open ditch" presents no difficulties to any hunter worthy of the name who is not pumped out; and I, who write on these things, have ridden over the Ludlow course with other men on honest and not over-distinguished hunters in the grey light of a winter's morning, and not one fall among half-a-dozen of us. And he who would say that the fences at Ludlow are small, lies in his throat. But the National Hunt are not content that a horse should jump this stage "grove" only at the start, when, if he is reasonably fit, he is at his best. Not a bit of it—that would be too easy; he must either jump two separate "open ditches," or come over the same one twice, and his second effort generally occurs during the last half-mile, when the horses are beaten and each man is riding, in the nature of things, as if there were no fences at all. Having devoted more than a third of my available space to this important subject, my conscience rests, and I can pass on tranquilly to something less strenuous.

By all means let us have hurdle-races over a distance of one mile and a-half, even if they are run, as in all probability many of them will be, over prostrate hurdles, which have been knocked down by the leading horses—for the benefit of the remainder of the field. But that is a point of but little importance. Let us welcome, and welcome heartily, anything which will coax us to own steeplechase-course horses of the class of Bevil, Soliman, Cornbury, Intimidator, and dear old County Council. There is something really inspiring in these races, too, for if I know anything at all I know that they will be run, like five-furlong sprints, all the way from start to finish, and the man who waits to come with one run will find himself still running after the rest of the field have passed the post. Sticklers for long-distance races will doubtless express themselves much dissatisfied with the alteration, should it take place; but, after all, hurdle-racing is not steeplechasing, and, even if a little would have to be sacrificed in one respect, the corresponding gain would, in my opinion, amply suffice to over-balance any loss. Many of the best class of men who race under Jockey Club Rules would be content to take part in these new races, and there is no reason why such races should not prove as great a success as they have done on the other side of the Channel. But—and the "but" in this case is so large as to be almost insurmountable—the stakes will have to be increased to a revolutionary extent. And that, I fear, will never be done; at least, not in our time.

Every credit indeed to the executive of the Hooton Park Meeting, whoever they may be, for their enterprise in announcing a steeplechase of the value of £1,000, and a hurdle-race of a like value; but why they have spoiled well-doing in the second case it passes the mind of an ordinary man to conceive. Surely, surely there are enough selling races at present, and surely there is nothing to be gained by adding to their number, and more especially when the stake is a rich one, as stakes go. At first sight the executive would seem to be doing a clever thing for themselves, for doubtless they have their eye on the substantial surplus which should accrue to them over and above the stipulated selling price; but, on the other hand, any selling is apt to frighten away the highest class of horse, and this is surely not expedient. It is, of course, too late to make any change in this particular instance, but the establishment of rich races to which are appended the fatal and crime-provoking selling clause, is certainly not a consummation to be contemplated with any degree of pleasurable anticipation.

A silent toast, all standing, gentlemen, if you please, to the memory of one of the best all-round sportsmen of the last century, to wit, Sir Charles Legard, one of the right sort and from the right part of the right country. What say you, British yeoman? There was no branch of sport in which Sir Charles Legard did not engage, and in which he did not meet with some more or less adequate portion of success. His racing career, although not a long one, was studded here and there with useful successes, as among his victories he could number the Lincolnshire Handicap of 1868, which he won with Indigestion, the Brighton Stakes of 1870, which were carried off with Border Knight, while his good horse Martyrdom only lost the St. Leger of 1868 by a short head, after a desperate finish with Pero Gomez; but he achieved further triumphs with Vespasian, who won the Chesterfield Cup, and gave the great Blue Gown much to think about on more than one occasion. But, like many other owners, he found that the Sport of Kings was not wanting in expense, and six years before his death he gave it up entirely. But although the pages of the *Racing Calendar* knew him no more, there was not a hunting-field in the clear North Country where his name was not known, and many a grand run have I had with his otter-hounds on the Derwent and the adjacent streams, while it was more or less owing to him that the excellent golf links were established near his home at Ganton. He put up for York somewhere in the late eighties, but Sir Frank Lockwood was too much for him, although he won by but a few votes.

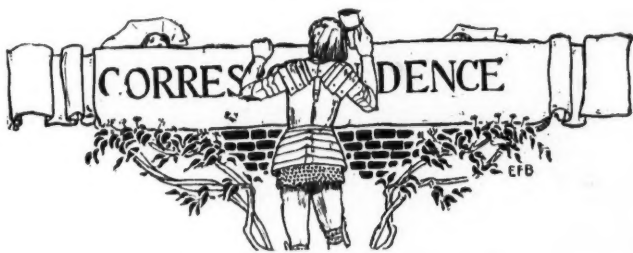
How things are changed! A very few years back the whole Turf would have been agitated over the Derby of 1902; long lists of fictitious prices would have filled the clubs; all the sporting writers would have made elaborate analyses until their pens dropped from their hands from sheer weariness. But now, although the New Year is almost on us, hardly a bet has been laid, and even the anticipation of a miniature American invasion and the threatened arrival of the crack American three year old Nasturtium have not aroused more than a flickering interest, and the fact that out of sixty unnamed horses in the Derby seven hail from America is greeted with true English apathy. As the wise men have prophesied for years past, ante-post betting is now dead, and with the decay of betting has come the decay of interest, although the two things are not of necessity closely allied.

From a variety of causes, of which the gale was the most influential, the



Gimcrack Dinner, which was held as usual at York last Friday, lacked much of the brilliancy which has characterised it in former years, and the attendance was neither as large nor as influential as it has been on various occasions. Needless to say, Mr. James Lowther, M.P., had much relevant matter to deliver himself of concerning the government of the Jockey Club, and a few practical things to say about American jockeys; but on the matter of reform he was strangely silent, and it was left for Mr. John Porter to suggest drastic and far-sweeping innovations, which he did with no uncertain voice, and his proposition that all two year old races which are run between March 25th and June 1st should be selling races is surely carrying reform to the farthest possible limits. About jockeys and their fees he had much to say also, and, having the "good old days" in his mind's eye, he grieved with a great lament that it was impossible to make the interests of a jockey collateral with the interests of the stable which paid him his principal retainer, and he would allow no jockey to accept more than one retaining fee. From a moral point of view this sounds very well, but if a jockey is only to be allowed one retaining fee instead of three or four, he will exhibit a pardonable tendency to ask for a very large sum, and who in these days could afford, or rather would afford, to hire M. Cannon exclusively, even if M. Cannon fell in with the idea? And on the principle of the horse and the water, coercion would be useless.

BUCEPHALUS.



## A PALE BISCUIT-COLOURED LARK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—In your issue for December 14th "E. K. R.," in his most interesting notes on wild country life, mentions the appearance of a "pale biscuit-coloured" lark in Norfolk. There was a lark of this colour about Hailey Farm, near here, during the latter part of last winter. I saw it first on January 13th, and at intervals for about a month after that. It differed slightly in another way from the ordinary lark, that is to say, in rising silently instead of giving the short trill which a lark generally gives on being disturbed at close quarters. As this is so unusual a colour for a lark, I should suppose that "E. K. R." and myself have seen the same bird at different times and in places far apart.—E. W. CHAPLIN, The Firs, Great Amwell, Ware.

## CAMELLIA FRUITING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—In your issue for November 23rd you gave a reproduction of a photograph of camellia fruit, which your correspondent seemed to think unusual. We grow a good many camellias out of doors here, and find numerous fruits every year. We have also raised a few seedlings (all of them single-flowered), showing that the seeds ripen quite well in this country. I enclose a photograph of one of the fruits, which is quite different in shape for one you have already figured.—EDMUND GILES LODER, Leonardslee, Horsham.

## TOWERING PARTRIDGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—In your issue for November 2nd, which has just reached me, I notice a series of radiographs of partridges which had towered on being struck. As far back as 1896 I assisted my father, Dr. G. M. Lowe of Lincoln, with some experiments on the same subject with the Röntgen rays, which were recalled to me by a remark in your editorial note: "We are not satisfied that the theory of the bird ascending to obtain fresh air is indisputable." As far as I remember, all Dr. Lowe's birds were damaged in the brain, though the lungs of some still retained a pellet or two. Theoretically, a bird shot in the brain should drop dead instantly, but it is quite possible that a portion of the brain in connection with the optic nerve may be so damaged that, although mortally wounded, it may in its blindness instinctively take a vertical course in its flight, with the idea at first of avoiding obstacles, only continuing the motion up to the point of exhaustion owing to the gradual weakening of its initiative faculties. The fact that no pellets are shown in the radiographs you publish does not go for much, as they may have passed through; and the question anyhow cannot be satisfactorily cleared up until a post-mortem examination on the dissecting-table is added to the Röntgen method, and carried over a considerable number of subjects.—C. A. LOWE, Nagrakata P.O., Jalpaiguri, Bengal.

## PUBLIC-HOUSE TRUSTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—When William Cobbett first spoke in the House of Commons, he began by remarking that "since he had sat in that House he had listened for some

time to much vain and unprofitable conversation," an exordium which provoked a good deal of laughter. I do not wish to add much to the unprofitable conversation which has been going on as to whether it is better for the surplus profits of rural houses of refreshment, commonly known as public houses or inns, to go to private brewers and companies interested solely in the sale of drink, and nothing else, or for the inn to be directed by a committee of men of character who will not push the drink sale, and hand over profits over five per cent. to public purposes. The point is to look to the nearest object, that of getting a decently managed house of refreshment where only the best liquor will be sold, good wholesome stuff, not "substitutes" for beer, and vile new whisky, good cold meats, good bread, cheese, eggs, tea, coffee, and the rest of it. Is not this alone worth the trust? I am certain, from the letters of G. Fry and others, that they know nothing of what they are talking about from the point of view of those inside or outside the bar, the people who use the inn, and those who keep it as a means of living. As in my rambles about the country, and in more or less permanent shooting quarters in different counties for the last ten years, I have seen a good deal of village and country inns, and have stayed for weeks at a time in or near them, perhaps I may be allowed to say a word or two. The present system of brewer-owned houses is simply ruining most of the good village inns, driving the old innkeepers, often men of character and credit, out of them, and replacing them by men, often quite decent fellows, too, who to make a living are forced to push the drink trade till the last minute at night, and by every means in their power. I put up for two nights only, last year, at what was once a capital village inn in Suffolk, where the old innkeeper was much respected, left a decent small fortune, and always used to take the outside handle off the door on Sundays till seven o'clock, so that no one could open the door, though it was technically always "open." It had been bought at a high price by a brewer, a big bar stuck in, and a roaring trade in drink went on every night till 11 p.m., with most disagreeable accompaniments. The innkeeper, who was a retired commercial traveller, a very respectable man, with a nice wife and a child, said it was too disgusting for him, and bad for his child, and he was going to clear. He has; so did I, though the hostelry part was well looked after, and the place handy to the shooting. The other day I was shooting in the home counties, and tasted some of the brewer's beer sold to the labourers in barrels. It was disgusting, though I should mention that there was some very good beer at the inn near. But I have frequently sent for ale for the men from village inns owned by brewers and found it simply undrinkable; hard, sour, thin, and once with slabs of mould in it. This was in a village where one firm owned the only two inns. After this I was not surprised to hear that in the North some 100 deaths were traceable to poisonous stuff used by the brewers to make beer still more cheaply, though I am curious to know why no one has yet been punished for it. I could name many villages where there are still good well-managed public houses owned by brewers, where good and wholesome drink is sold. But the cases to the contrary are now so numerous, and the results so shocking, that when I contrast with this the chances offered by a trust managed by men of character and position, I wonder that anyone possesses the requisite ignorance and folly to question the benefit which would accrue.—C. J. CORNISH, F.Z.S.

## THE CORONATION FLOWER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Now that the flower to be worn at the Coronation has been chosen,



different flower-lovers are airing their lore in the papers and giving bountiful reasons why their particular favourite should have been selected. Some would have "the moonlight-coloured may," some the favourite of Chaucer, others that of Shakespeare, but most claims of all are made for roses "white and redde."

The rose is the emblem of England among flowers, and June is the month of roses; it seemed therefore natural to suppose that at the Coronation we would have had "roses, roses all the way." On the other hand, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales might have felt neglected at the omission of their emblems. Though the thistle and the leek are not by any means pretty or sweet-smelling, the shamrock can claim at least one of these qualities. All things considered, therefore, it is as well that the lily-of-the-valley is to be so honoured. It has, indeed, been put forward as an objection that the roots of this flower come from the Continent, but, nevertheless, next to the rose, the lily is the favourite flower

of the English, especially the "Naiad-like lily of the vale" with its tremulous bells and the haunting sweetness of its scent. It is to be found in nearly every garden in England, whether it surrounds cottage or manor. It is quite plentiful in June, it is within reach of the poor, and besides—it is very beautiful.—A. H. B.

#### CUCKOO SPIT AND PHEASANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is a general belief that the insect which makes the nasty mess known as cuckoo spit will, if eaten, be fatal to pheasants. On a beat which I know one young wood is much infested with this creature, and the keeper says that if his birds get into it while the insect is there they always die, and that he has never known a bird recover. The symptom is a bubbling of froth in the wind-pipe, just like that which the creature makes on plants. I wonder whether this is really caused by the cuckoo spit insect (a minute yellow creature) or by some disease which causes frothing in the throat.—ENQUIRER.

#### PROBLEMS OF SALMON LIFE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Your correspondent "F. E." asks how a salmon of the first spawning (on the assumption that there are salmon which have not spawned in the grilse stage) are to be distinguished from grilse? The distinctive marks are well known of grilse and salmon. The former have a considerably more forked tail, and are darker on head and back, and there are differences of scale. But the forked tail is (at least, so I have always deemed) a ready and sufficient means of distinguishing them. Whether a salmon is in its first or second season of spawning I must admit that I cannot tell him, nor am I aware that there is any means of telling; indeed, some whose opinion is not to be despised hold the view that a kelt never reascends a river, but I believe them to be in a very small minority. Our knowledge of salmon life, however, has such large gaps and uncertainties that perhaps those who know most about it are just those who are least disposed to speak dogmatically on any point.—THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

#### "JIGGING" SALMON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The salmon angler must know the habits of the salmon remarkably well. He is something of a physiologist, something of a zoologist, something of a geologist, something of a meteorologist, and it will be strange if he is not a lover of Nature. He also becomes, consciously or unconsciously, an inductive philosopher—certainly an empiricist. Every real angling expert knows this. The tactics of the moment depend on the conditions and circumstances, and when the fly has caught, right up to the last until the silvery fish lies flapping and gasping on the shingle, it is still a game of skill and tactics founded on the lessons of past experience. There is still a large debatable field whereon the champions of sundry opposite theories are keen to break a lance. It is important for the angler to be not only an acute observer, but to think logically, to avoid false reasoning, and to carefully sift his data before coming to a conclusion. Most of those who have attained to eminence have, after the initial stages, been self-educated, and a great deal may be found out for himself by every observant Waltonian. This makes the sport doubly fascinating, and gives it an educational value quite apart from the physical benefit of a day by the river. Since the tactics of the fish are no doubt determined by circumstances, so also should be the angler's. But founding on memoranda of personal experience, I scarcely hesitate to say that in nine cases out of a dozen the advantage will be yours if you can make your fish go for all they are worth. If a fish should foul you on a rock, post, or snag, give him line freely if he can take it. It often pays to do this.—W. MURDOCH.

#### TWO BEAUTIFUL OLD HOUSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Salisbury House, the subject of these sketches, is situated in Bury Street, Edmonton, and is one of the oldest and most interesting of several

fine houses in the neighbourhood. It passed into the hands of the Earls of Salisbury in the fourteenth century, when it was sold, and we find it in Henry VII.'s reign vested in the Crown. By that monarch it was granted to Sir Thomas Bouchier, but in 1513 it again became Crown property by purchase, and, continuing such, formed part of the marriage settlement of Queen Henrietta Maria. The house is of the Tudor period, and was originally much larger, the offices, kitchens, stables, etc., being now used as a separate dwelling-house. The remains of the moat may still be seen in the garden, and

the vaults under the house are large and complicated. The present owner, Mr. Fabian (to whose kindness I am indebted for information regarding the history of Salisbury House), discovered bricked up in these cellars a quantity of old wine in short-necked bottles, and in the moat some curious pipes and coins of Charles II.'s period. But the most interesting discovery arose during some repairs which were being carried out. The workmen, in clearing out an accumulation of bats' nests and rubbish from between the joists of the flooring of some of the disused rooms, threw out, unnoticed by themselves, an ancient leather bag secured by strange locks. This fortunately was detained by the owner, who, on carefully opening it, discovered roll after roll of many coloured silks and black satin, which for two centuries had protected a Cavalier's love-lock. This lovelock, for several reasons, has been considered to have been actually shorn from the head of the Royal martyr himself, and certainly the care with which it had been so successfully preserved points to the fact of its having been regarded as some almost

sacred relic. Salisbury House is supposed to have been the seat of Judge Jeffreys, and a room, over the door of which still is seen the title "The Judge's Room," may either take its name from this fact, or from Bradshaw and his associates, who were conspicuous enemies of the King, having held many of their meetings there. The interior still retains many of its original ceilings, panellings, and chimney-pieces. A fine old fire-back was discovered when enlarging one of the fire-openings. This bore the device of the rose, thistle, and fleur-de-lis, the initials J. M., and the date 1649, a crown surmounting the whole. Needless to say, these relics have been carefully preserved. Within a short distance of Salisbury House, partly enclosed by an old wall, partly by a magnificent yew hedge some hundreds of years old, as shown by the extraordinary size of its trunks, some being 9ft. thick, lies Bury Hall. Surely few houses have so sad a reputation. This was the residence of the notorious President Bradshaw,

famous in history as a man "who dared to sit in judgment" on his sovereign, Charles I. He died in 1659, his body, with Cromwell's and Ireton's, being dug up at the Restoration, hanged at Tyburn, and buried under the gallows. The house is full of interest, principally the dining-room, where it is said was signed the death-warrant of the King. Over the fireplace are the arms of Bradshaw, whilst the magnificent ceiling has the President's initials worked in floral devices. A subterranean passage is still in existence connecting the house with Edmonton Parish Church.—E. TURNER POWELL.

#### MARKS ON OLD PEWTER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In the course of a few months a history of the Pewterers' Company will be published. In addition to much interesting information, there will be a reproduction of the touch plates of the company. These reproductions will give "W. R. M. T." all the information available on the subject of old

pewter marks. If your correspondent will write for the information, I could let him know when the book is published, and also give him the address of the clerk of the company. I am not sure whether any copies of the book will be for sale, but I could, I think, if necessary, get him a loan of one.—L. R. L.

[It may be well to point out, for the benefit of various correspondents who have addressed us of late on the subject of marks on pewter, that these touch plates of the Pewterers' Company, which have long been known to students of the subject, afford, we believe, no clue either as to dates or to makers' names. The whole subject of marks on pewter is involved in great obscurity.—ED.]

